

# THE GEOGRAPHIC

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1902

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT  
"A Scene on the Thames in the Regatta Season"

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The Royal party passed the Island of Mull on September 1. They are here shown feeding the gulls off the island. The envious dogs looking on are Jack, the King's Irish terrier; Fiuffy, Princess Victoria's dog; and Queen Alexandra's Billy (Chinese), Marvel and Punch (Japanese).

"LARGESS!": AN INCIDENT OF THE CRUISE OF THE KING AND QUEEN

A SKETCH FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.

## Topics of the Week

**The Anglo-Chinese Treaty**

THE new Anglo-Chinese Commercial Treaty has necessarily a great fascination for the mercantile public. Since the abolition of the East India Company's monopoly the foreign trade of China, which is for the most part in British hands, has increased enormously, and there is good reason for believing that, with the removal of other restrictions on the purchasing power of the 300,000,000 subjects of the Emperor Kwang-su, China would prove the most valuable market in the whole world. This belief is of course, subject to some qualifications. The late M. de Bloch believed that the purchasing power of the Chinese was much exaggerated, and that it had already reached its maximum. This view, however, finds little support among those who are best acquainted with China. None the less, it is certain that the great majority of the Chinese are wretchedly poor, and that although their consumption of foreign goods would no doubt increase were prices reduced, this increase would not be so colossal as is generally imagined. Under these circumstances a treaty which is designed to solve the problem of the rapid distribution of merchandise and the abolition of the vexatious and burdensome dues and taxes which have hitherto added so prohibitively to the cost of both foreign goods and Chinese produce, cannot but be hailed with hopefulness if not with enthusiasm. The new Treaty reflects great credit on the persistency, ingenuity and tact of its negotiator, Sir James Mackay. Its main object is the abolition of the Likin stations by which all the commercial highways in China have hitherto been thickly dotted, and which have levied a crushing toll on all merchandise passing both in and out of the Empire. The experiment is not made now for the first time. China has already more than once pledged herself to abolish Likin, but her engagements have not been kept. These failures have been attributed to the inability of the Central Government to control the provinces, and also to the absence of any provision for compensating the Provincial Administrations for the losses entailed by the abolition of Likin. In order to deal with these difficulties, Sir James Mackay has associated the great Yang-tsi Viceroy with his negotiations, and has pledged this country to a scheme by which the increase of the Maritime Customs, which is to compensate China for the loss of the Likin revenue, shall be secured in due proportions to the Central and Provincial Governments according to the sacrifices they have made. The scheme is a very complicated one, but provided the Chinese are sincere in assenting to it, there is no reason why it should not prove a success. Sincerity is, however, a rare quality in Chinese diplomatic negotiations. It will be impossible for some considerable time yet to pronounce definitely on the practical merits of the Treaty. Before it is ratified it has to run the gauntlet of the other Powers, and when it is ratified it has to be loyally executed. No one can be sure of the way in which these desiderata will be fulfilled. At any rate a very meritorious attempt has been made to open the Chinese markets freely to the world, and it is to be devoutly hoped that it will be crowned with the success it merits.

**Science and the Nation**

A GREAT part of the Presidential Address which Professor Dewar delivered to the British Association might be fitly described as brilliant fault-finding. By an examination of the comparative application of scientific methods to industry in England and Germany he showed that the reason why the German manufacturer outstrips his English competitor is not to be sought in any accidental advantage or happy stroke of fortune, but is to be found in the whole course of German training during the last forty years. It is not alone that the German professor, or the German workman, is better equipped or of higher intellect than the English chemist or the English workman, but that the whole German population has reached a high point of general training and special equipment. England had its warning when, forty-three years ago, the Prince Consort pleaded for a fuller recognition by the nation of the relation of science to a nation's prosperity. It is because that plea has been disregarded that we are still groping for a national system of secondary education and are wasting time and money in imitating unsuitable continental models. It is the so-called educated classes which need scientific education; and as the President pointed out, it is to these classes especially that the Prince of Wales's admonition to "wake up" most forcibly appeals.

**Drill in Elementary Schools**

IT being quite certain that the increased British Army will need a much larger supply of recruits than has hitherto sufficed, we are quite prepared to believe that Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, and other eminent officers would, as asserted, be greatly pleased by the inclusion of drill in the elementary school curriculum. But that would not necessarily

conduce, as some affect to fear, to the propagation of what they call "militarism." At the Duke of York's School and at the Gordon Boys' Home, pupils are quite free to enter active life through civil employment, and many so elect. But owing to the drill to which they have been subjected, they rarely lose altogether that habit of self-control, the outcome of discipline, which is so urgently needed among town-trained young men. That is not the only gain, either; drill, even elementary, unquestionably improves the physical quality of young lads, and who shall say that this is not highly advantageous as a makeshift for the strengthening avocations and surroundings of boys dwelling in the country? We admit that, after a time, drill acquires a relish and thus disposes its pupils to enter the Army as soon as they are old enough. They know that they have already mastered the most disagreeable part of the young soldier's education—that trying novitiate when, as a constituent of the "awkward squad," he fancies himself the object of universal derision. But if the result were to diminish desertion among recruits, their most prevalent crime, as would be likely to happen, it would furnish another potent argument for including the drill-sergeant among the national teachers.

**The Seismic Forces**

THE recrudescence of seismic disturbances in the West Indies shows that some more than usual cause must be in operation in the depths of the earth. As a rule, these terrible commotions, whether they take the form of earthquakes, eruptions, or tidal waves, pass completely away after they have once spent their fury, and it may be long years before there is any renewal. But in the present instance, not only are Martinique and St. Vincent again the scenes of awful destruction, but rightaway in the Far East a Japanese islet has been completely cleared both of inhabitants and of habitations. By a curious coincidence, in which, no doubt, some unscientific minds will detect the same agency, a series of heavy earth-falls have just occurred in various parts of England. Two, at least, happened at collieries, while in the case of the tunnel on the railway under construction between Loudwater and High Wycombe, it is in evidence that the timbering was exceptionally strong throughout. It would almost appear, therefore, that in this case, as in that of the collieries, there may have been some sort of lateral movement causing the vertical supports to shift from the perpendicular. Nervous folks will not forget, either, the recent collapse of the Campanile after having braved wind and weather for so many centuries, nor will they overlook the sudden fall of some four tons of solid masonry at Sheffield, or the descent of a huge coping-stone on a wayfarer at Liverpool. But there is not a scrap of evidence to support the unscientific mind in its conjecture that the same subterranean Titans who are again making sport of human suffering in the West Indies and the Far East are devoting their leisure to giving England a taste of their qualities.

**Tramcar Brakes**

THE shocking accident at Glasgow, owing to a tramcar getting beyond control, is but the latest of a series presenting much the same features. There is a steepish hill, which has to be either ascended or descended; the driver, confident in his power to check speed at any moment, does not feel the slightest anxiety; all in an instant he finds himself absolutely helpless, owing to the brake having become inoperative. Few old-time cyclists but have experienced that sense at one time or another. But they never had the limbs and lives of, perhaps, a score of other helpless people on their hands. It is that terrible responsibility which sometimes unnerves even the most level-headed and plucky railway engine drivers at critical moments, and there is no difference between their case and that of tramcar drivers. There is too much readiness on the part both of the Press and public to assume either recklessness, carelessness, or lack of courage, when one of these men momentarily loses his presence of mind. As a fact, the temporary collapse of will-power merely proves that human fortitude has its limitations. That being so, the obligation rests on all managers of railroads and tramways to provide, at any cost, the most perfect means for investing drivers with full control under all circumstances. It is claimed that this is already the case on most, if not all, of the London tramways. We are glad to believe the statement, but the same assurance was, we believe, given at Glasgow, and yet we have in evidence a most lamentable catastrophe largely, if not wholly, consequent upon some slight dislocation of the brake-apparatus. Every car in the kingdom ought, at all events, to be furnished with mechanism to prevent it from running backwards down hill.

### "MOTOR-MEN IN TRAINING: SOME REMARKABLE SCHOOLS"

Is the title of one of many interesting articles in this week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBV-STERRY

WHY is there not a Thames Preservation Society? Surely it is wanted badly enough in these days. If it existed I should hope it would give its attention to Sonning without delay. Sonning, years ago, used to be one of the most picturesque and restful spots on the Thames, and many of us have delightful recollections of Mr. Lockley's brilliant rose garden, of the finely toned ancient red brick bridge, and the picturesque wooden structures leading thereto. Has not someone somewhere sung?—

The garden is lovely, the host is polite—  
His rose trees are ruddy with bloom;  
The snowy-clad table with tankards bedight,  
And pleasant that quaint little room:  
So sit down at once at your inn, take your ease—  
No man of our Crew will be shunning—  
A cut of cold beef and a prime Cheddar cheese,  
And a tankard of bitter at Sonning!

Alas and alas! A spirit of change seems to be coming over the neighbourhood, and practical progress seems likely to ride rough shod over the picturesqueness of the pleasant locality. It seems the wooden bridges are out of repair and the Gradgrindian mind can see no remedy but iron lattice girders, and we know when once these are introduced what it will lead to. We know what it did at Cookham, and we are terribly conscious of what it achieved at Hampton Court. The smug, self-satisfied, common-sense, inexpressibly hideous lattice girder bridge is an absolute blot on its dignified and high-toned surroundings. With the exception of New Bridge, I believe that of Sonning is one of the oldest on the river. It has formed the subject of many a picture, and has been limned with notable success by Frederick Walker. It is to be hoped the indignant protest of countless Thames-lovers may be the means of preventing the ruin, by thoughtless persons, of this picturesque spot.

Under the head of "Summer Holidays," I note an eminent firm advertises useful articles to take with you on your trip. Among them are "pocket barometers for foretelling the weather"—these are hardly necessary because everyone knows it will be as bad as possible—and "tinted spectacles for the sun and dust." As we are not likely to have either the first or the last—unless we move in motor-car circles—these instruments would appear to be superfluous. But "pocket hydrometers for detecting damp beds" and "tests for impurities in drinking water" would doubtless prove of the greatest value to the tourist. If he added to these luxuries half a dozen umbrellas, a couple of mackintoshes, a sou'-wester, waterproof leggings, indiarubber goloshes and a rain-gauge, he would have every prospect of enjoying a most delightful summer holiday. Some people are predicting that we shall have a hot, fine and brilliant autumn to make up for one of the most miserable summers ever known. Should this prove to be the case, others tell us that the ground is so soaked with water that we shall have a series of the densest fogs that will last well-nigh till Christmas. Altogether the meteorological prospect is hardly what you would call encouraging.

It is not often that I feel inclined to jubilate over the destruction of London houses, but I own I was overjoyed the other day when I saw the housebreakers hard at work on number Twelve Pall Mall East. You may naturally wonder why is this exultation over the fall of a harmless mansion. But when I inform you that the building in question adjoined the National Gallery one could scarcely look upon it as harmless. Had the house alluded to at any time got well alight and a strong breeze happened to be blowing from the west, there is but little doubt that our priceless collection of pictures would have perished. We are extraordinarily apathetic in these matters. For many years the National Gallery was surrounded on all sides, save its front, with houses, shops and warehouses, and nobody had a care for the safety from external causes of our invaluable works of art, or dreamed of their peril with such surroundings. Since the clearance has taken place at the back and eastern end of the Gallery, some anxiety seems to have been awakened on the subject, and it is due, I believe, to the vigorous persistence of Mr. M. H. Spielmann that the good work of removing the house at the western end has at length been undertaken. It is to be hoped this may lead to the complete isolation of the Gallery and the establishment of a public roadway all round it.

Despite the rain, the Panama hat seems to flourish wonderfully. Though I cannot help thinking that it is becoming to few people, it seems to have been extensively adopted, and you see it in every form that it can be squeezed into and on every possible kind of head. All your friends seem to be giving a good imitation of somebody else every time you meet them, and your enemies look like anybody but themselves, which adds considerably to the pleasure of your daily walks abroad. Why, may I ask you, is a man who does not possess the popular summer head-dress like an orphan? Why? Because he has not a pa na ma! This is clear enough, isn't it?

On the fall of the Campanile I wrote in this column, "If every one to whom the glorious City of the Sea has given delight would only subscribe their guinea, the question of cost in restoring this notable feature in Venice need not, for a moment, cause the least anxiety." There will be every chance for the above-mentioned class to come forward now, and it is to be hoped they will bear in mind the fund that has been organised by the Royal Academy of Arts—concerning which Sir Edward Poynter wrote in the *Times* recently—and forward their subscriptions without any further delay. If they do their duty in this respect, the British contribution to the restoration fund should be a very important one.



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## Music

### THE WORCESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

THE Worcester Festival was the chief musical event of the present week. The reforms already instituted at Hereford and Gloucester have been faithfully continued by Mr. Ivor Atkins at Worcester, so that the chorus is confined exclusively to the picked singers of the Three Cathedral Cities; and rehearsals, which some years ago were accorded with niggard hand, have this year not been spared. Special rehearsals of the full choir have, in fact, from time to time been held; last week three days were devoted to Queen's Hall to the orchestral preparation, and before the Festival commenced full rehearsals with band, principals, and the choirs took place at Worcester itself. An orchestral service was held on Sunday, but the Festival proper extended from Tuesday to Friday. Details of the performance would not now be practicable, but a rapid glance over the music, and more especially the novelties, will be of interest.

The Sunday Service is part of the compromise effected some years ago, when complaint was not unreasonably made that the Festivals were too secular in character. The Three Cathedral Choirs of Hereford, Worcester, and Gloucester, the extra choristers and the full orchestra took part last Sunday in an afternoon service, which included two movements from Sir C. V. Stanford's symphony, *Il Penseroso*, Precentor Woodward's Psalm chant in A, the setting in C of the Canticles by Mr. Lee Williams, a former Festival conductor; a *Gloria* by Mozart, and a new Dedication Ode or anthem, "O Praise the Lord," by Mr. Herbert Brewer. The last was a pure church work, containing a short fugue, and a delightful melodious middle section at the words "O how amiable are Thy dwellings." The Bishop was rather suddenly taken ill, so Canon Knox Little instead preached a sermon, in which he offered an eloquent defence of the holding of the Festivals in the Cathedral. The Canon, however, was scarcely so formidable as the Dean of Gloucester, who last year pulverised his opponents by declaring that not only were musical performances proper, but that the Cathedral was specially

designed by the monks of old for the effective presentation of "Mystery" and other stage plays.

The novelties at the Festival were Mr. Hugh Blair's *Song of Deborah and Barak*, Dr. Walford Davies's *The Temple*, a portion of Dr. Horatio Parker's *St. Christopher*, and an orchestral piece, *The Witch of Atlas*, by Mr. Granville Bantock. Also Bach's

ing of Solomon's Temple. It is interrupted by a chorus, "We will go in to the Tabernacle of the Lord," and a fine double chorus, "O give thanks unto the Lord." After this the narrative is resumed, interrupted first by the noble prayer of Solomon at the Dedication of the Temple, now set as a tenor solo with quartet, and a massive and elaborate *finale* in which two choirs are employed.

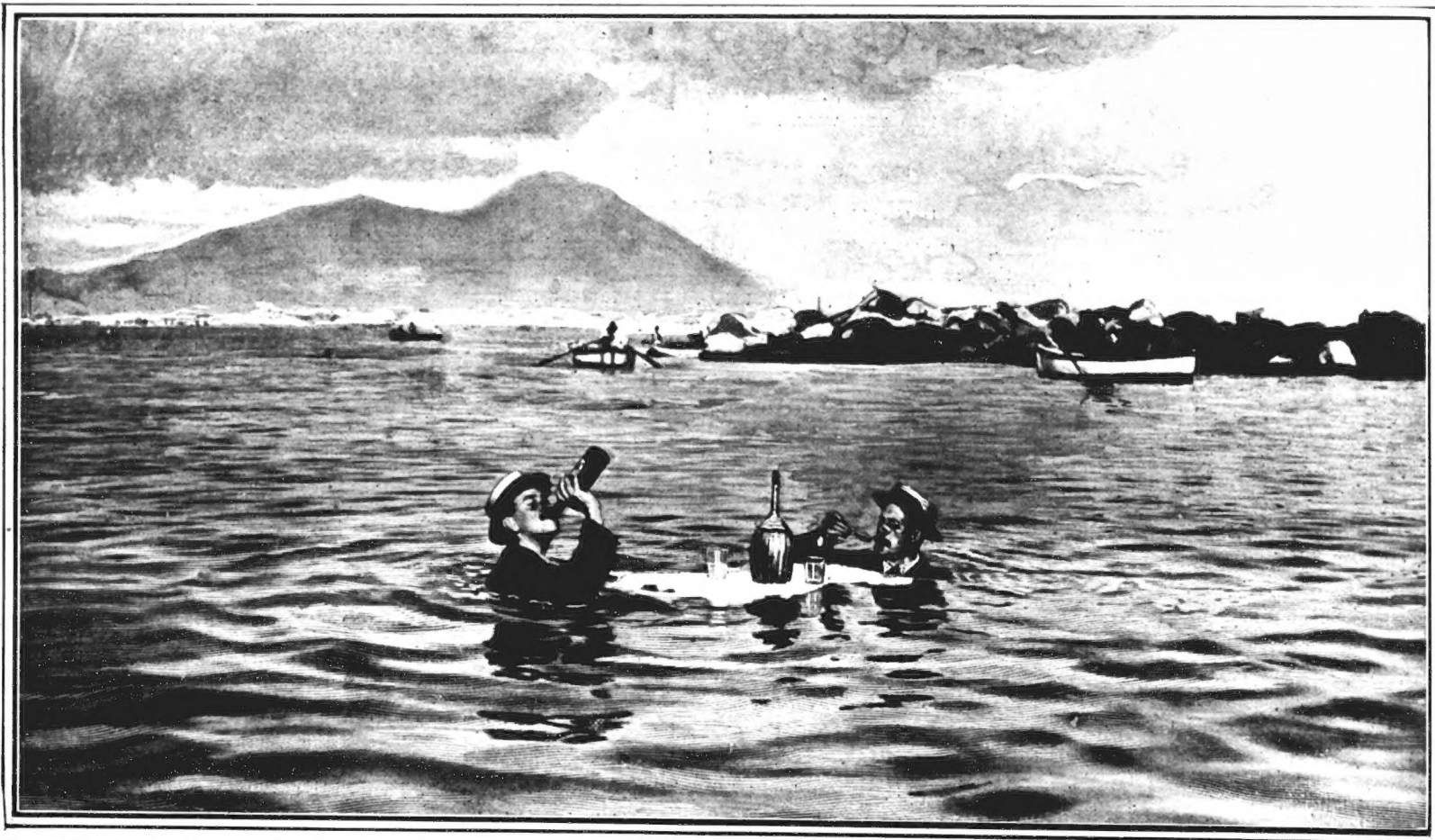
church cantata, *The Lord is a Sun and a Shield*, written for the Reformation Festival of 1735, was announced for the first time. Mr. Hugh Blair's cantata is comparatively short, and is based upon the antiphonal song in the 5th chapter of Judges, Deborah's words being assigned to the solo soprano, and Barak's to the baritone. This work is, perhaps, at its best in the fine chorus, "Lord when Thou wentest out of Seir," in the ejaculations "Awake, Deborah, Arise, Barak," answered by the chorus at the opening of the second part, and in the fine double chorus, "So let all Thine enemies perish," at the end of the oratorio.

The oratorio *St. Christopher*, by Dr. Horatio Parker, Professor of Music at Yale University, will be performed in its entirety at the Bristol Festival next month. At Worcester only the third act was given, namely, the scene in which the hero discovers King Oriens in the guise of a hermit, who takes him to a cathedral, where a succession of Latin hymns is sung, with a Trio in which the Angel joins, the act ending with the miracle of the passing of the river and the canonisation of the now converted Offerus as "St. Christopher."

Dr. Walford Davies's oratorio, *The Temple*, is of larger proportions. It opens with a choral overture, to the hymn "Before Jehovah's Awful Throne," after which the narrative begins, the first part of the oratorio dealing with David and the second with Solomon. Among the features of the first part are David's Psalm, "Thou art my Hope, O Lord God," set as a baritone solo; an unaccompanied soprano solo and chorus, "O Thou that hearest prayer," and a Song of Thanksgiving immediately before David's death. After the death of the King, there is a "Solemn Interlude" for orchestra, and a soprano soloist sings "Lord, into Thy Hands I commend my spirit" as the part closes. The second part opens with the narrative of the build-



The Crown Prince (Aged 20) Prince Eitel Friedrich (Aged 19) Prince Joachim (Aged 11)  
THREE OF THE KAISER'S SONS TAKING PART IN A PARADE OF THE BERLIN GARRISON



A Correspondent writes:—"Two well-known swimmers, resident in Naples, the other day made a bet that they would each eat a plate of macaroni, a beefsteak and some fruit, and drink a bottle of wine while in deep water without losing the plates, glasses or bottles. Although they had to keep afloat all the time the men won their wager." Our illustration is from a photograph by C. Abeniacar

### A NOVEL BREAKFAST IN THE BAY OF NAPLES





Every summer at Naples, or, to be more precise, in a place called Piedigrotta, there is held a competition of singing, accompanied by the guitar and mandolin. The prizes are awarded to those ballads which the audience judge to be the best. These ballads represent the true Italian taste, and having passed this test they are accorded a welcome in the best society. "The Ballad of Piedigrotta" has become the favorite of Italy, and there are lovers of music in London who take an interest in it. The scene here depicted shows a contest being held in a courtyard, decked out in the traditional fashion for a festival, while the company sip wine and listen to the songs.

# "THE BALLAD OF PIEDIGROTTA": A MUSICAL CONTEST NEAR NAPLES

DRAWN BY PROF. RICCARDO PELLEGRINI

## Professor Rudolf Virchow

ONE of the world's greatest men, and a scientist second to none, has passed away in the person of Rudolf Virchow, Professor of Pathology in the University of Berlin; and yet outside the scientific world, where he has long been recognised as a star of the first magnitude, Professor Virchow has been but little known to the majority. On one or two occasions, and more particularly within recent years, his name has loomed out prominently as the focus of a discussion or the centre of a demonstration—once when the unfortunate wrangle round the deathbed of the Emperor Frederick brought him into contact with the late Sir Morell Mackenzie; again when the discovery of the so-called consumption bacillus was to revolutionise our treatment of an incurable disease; and again in 1893 when he lectured on Pathology to the Royal Society at the University of London, and in 1898 when he delivered the Huxley Lecture in St. Martin's Town Hall, on both of which occasions when all that is most distinguished in English science assembled to do him honour. His reputation as the most eminent of modern pathologists is sufficient to secure him enduring fame; but, in former years, Rudolf Virchow distinguished himself no less as a politician than as a medical man. Born on October 13, 1821, at Schivelbein, in Pomerania, he was made a doctor of medicine in 1843, and, four years later, was appointed professor at the Berlin University. Then his attention soon became attracted to politics, and it was characteristic of him to carry into political life the energy and revolutionary ideas with which he had embarked upon the study of medicine. Almost from the beginning of his career he was a man of diverse parts, and his countrymen knew him as a distinguished anthropologist and archaeologist, as the able and indefatigable advocate of many social and educational reforms, as an energetic administrator in connection with many valuable scientific movements, and as a Parliamentary orator and debater whose sharp sallies and pungent irony gave no indication of the academic studies which occupied so large a portion of his time and strength. But it is easier, possibly, to be revolutionary in medicine than in politics. In his early days Herr Virchow founded a paper and a democratic club, where his power of oratory quickly made him a felt force. He was even elected a member of the National Assembly, but was refused his seat on the score of youthfulness, while the first tangible results of his stirring up of old traditions were that his paper was suppressed, while he lost his post at the University. But he was too valuable a man in those days to be left outside on account of Radical views. Immediately he was offered the Chair of Pathology at the University of Wurzburg, and, accepting the post, with characteristic energy threw himself into his new work, and infused into the work an amount of interest which had long been lacking. In short, pathology then was a neglected study; Professor Virchow raised it by virtue of its importance to the front rank, and cleared the way for a host of diligent workers, not only in his own, but in all countries. Of an unending series of writings on scientific subjects, perhaps the one by which he is best known is his "Cellular Pathology," which has been translated into almost every language, and, more than any other work, has modified the views of the whole scientific world upon the deepest problems of biology. It is to the credit of his countrymen that they eventually, even though tardily, saw fit to recall him to the post from which they had banished him. In 1856 he was reinstated at Berlin, and became director of the Pathological Institute, which his energy soon transformed into an institution second to none. Then, in 1859, began a period of political activity. Like Mr. Browning's hero, Herr Virchow was ever a fighter, and his nomination as a member of the Berlin Municipal Council was signalled by a most successful campaign against the abuses which were then just laid at the door of the municipal police, while shortly afterwards he entered the Prussian Chamber as deputy. He soon became a power to be reckoned with here as elsewhere. In a very short time he was one of the recognised heads of the Opposition, and manifested his energy in particular by his ever-readiness to do battle against any infringement of liberties by the Crown. The events of 1866 threw into the shade the Liberal and Progressionist party, of which he was then the acknowledged chief, but later, little by little, he resumed his attacks against the ever-growing militarism and centralisation, and towards the end of 1869 even advocated an international disarming. Though elected some considerable time previously, he did not, on account of his objection to its constitution, enter the Reichstag until April, 1886. As a scientific man—which, after all, is the character in which he is best famed—it was characteristic of him that when requested by a German scientific society to send in his resignation to a number of French societies, he promptly refused, rightly maintaining that science and politics were things apart, and that any breach in the scientific relations between the two countries was alike detrimental to the best interests of civilisation, science, and humanity. This is the man on whom our Royal Society conferred the coveted distinction of the Copley medal, and whose lecture on "The Position of Pathology in Biological Studies," above referred to, attracted an audience distinguished beyond precedent, and so large as to require the hall of the University of London for its accommodation. His writings are not only of the highest value in point of matter, but are admirably lucid, while, of his many works, perhaps the one in which he took the greatest pride was the Pathological Museum at Berlin, which was largely the work of his own



THE LATE PROFESSOR RUDOLF VIRCHOW

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY T. BLAKE WIRGMAN

hands. In his position as leader of the Radical party in the German Reichsrath, he was once brought into conflict with Bismarck, who sent him a cartel challenging him to mortal combat. This challenge he had the courage to decline, on the ground that his life was too valuable to be risked in a foolish duel. An indefatigable apostle not only of political, but of sanitary reform, it is mainly due to him that Berlin is, from the hygienic point of view, a model city. Virchow's political opinions prevented him from being a *persona gratia* at the German Court, but such a man could not altogether escape official recognition. He was a Medical Privy Councillor and a member of the Medical Department of the Cultus Ministerium. France gave him the Cross of a Commander of the Legion of



Professor Virchow, in October, 1898, delivered the address at the opening of the winter session of the Medical School of Charing Cross Hospital. He concluded his speech by paying a warm tribute to Lord Lister, who was seated near to him, saying that his work entitled him to rank as "one of the greatest benefactors of the human race."

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW AT CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL

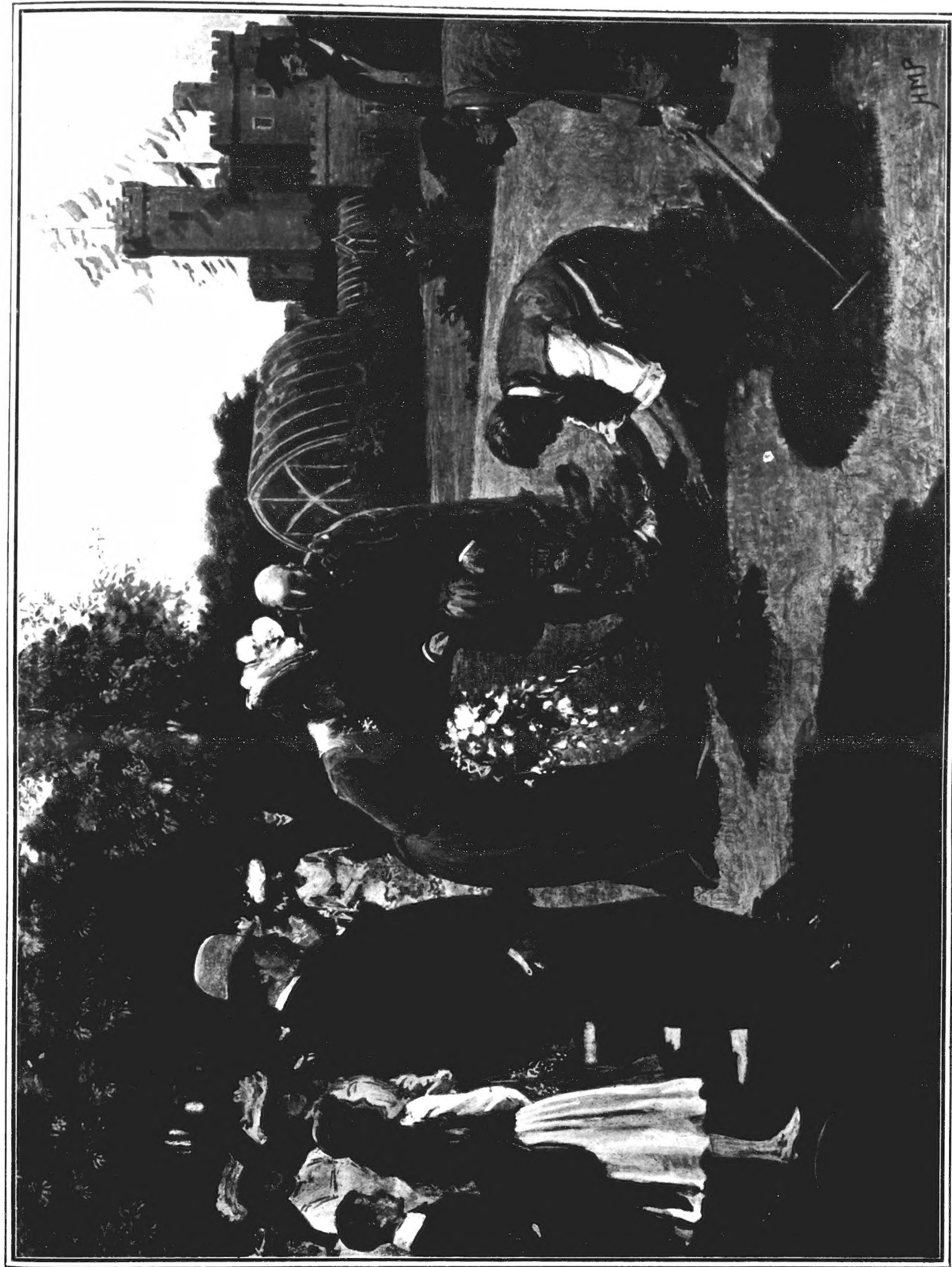
Honour, and Oxford made him a D.C.L. Despite his advanced age he worked indefatigably till the accident (fracture of the thigh bone) which disabled him some months ago. He recovered from the immediate effects of the injury, but he never regained his strength. How the Professor continued to compress so much and such varied work into his life has made many marvel, but it is always said that his secret and his rule of life was, "Four hours of sleep and a good digestion."

## The Royal Cruise

THE Royal yachting cruise is ended after nearly three weeks' leisurely coasting along the English and Scottish shores. The King and Queen have thoroughly enjoyed their trip, and feel the benefit of the quiet and freedom after the strain and excitement of the King's illness and the Coronation. Their Majesties completed their voyage by a most pleasant four days' stay off Dunrobin Castle, Sutherlandshire, where the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland pioneered the Royal guests round the finest points of the district. Directly the *Victoria and Albert* anchored in the bay the Duke and Duchess went on board to lunch with the King and Queen, while King Edward afterwards accompanied them back to afternoon tea at the Castle. All the neighbourhood had turned out to welcome His Majesty, who was played up to the Castle by the pipe and drum band of the Sutherland Volunteers, the King being Hon. Colonel of the regiment. King Edward walked up with the Duke and chatted with the Commander of the Volunteer Battalion, Colonel Mackintosh. A deer drive was planned for next day, so the King landed early to drive in a waggonette with the Duke towards Loch Brora, passing through Golspie to the foot of Ben Chraggie. It was a lovely morning, and a goodly number of deer were driven by, but there was no kill, for the King let the smaller animals pass in order to fire at a very fine stag. The flies had made the creature restless, and the shot was so difficult that His Majesty aimed a little too high and the stag escaped. The King and the Duke then went through the woods to Loch Brora to lunch with the Queen and the Duchess, who had driven over in a motor-car. After lunch the Queen drove to Golspie to inspect the Highland Industries Show-Room, and then joined the King at tea at the Castle. Their Majesties were afterwards driven by their host and hostess to the landing-stage, the Queen in a motor-car with the Duke, and the King in a landau with the Duchess. The Royal party were ashore again on the following morning to witness an aquatic entertainment, which highly amused them. When one of the boys in a swimming contest was too shy to compete before the Royal spectators, the King patted him on the head and gave him a tip. As usual, the Queen had her camera, and took several photos of the swimmers, while, as the instructor was a Swede, Her Majesty talked to him in his own tongue. An exhibition of high diving and swimming by Miss Chaplin finished the show, after which the Royal party went up to the Castle for lunch. In the afternoon the King and Duke drove in a motor-car, *via* the Mound and Dornoch, to Skibo Castle to see Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, returning to Dunrobin by the new light railway. Skibo Castle is most picturesquely situated, with lovely views, and is beautifully decorated, the staircase being of white Sicilian marble. Meanwhile the Queen and the Duchess inspected the Lawson Cottage Hospital and had tea with the late Duke's private secretary, Mr. Wright, at Little Ferry. On Sunday morning Divine Service was performed on board the Royal yacht. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland again came to lunch and then escorted the King and Queen ashore, Their Majesties walking through the gardens and along the terraces to the Castle, where the Grand Duke Michael of Russia joined them at tea. Monday brought the close of the Royal visit, the King and Queen leaving Dunrobin amidst the warmest and most loyal farewells. It is twenty-six years since Their Majesties were last at Dunrobin—in the lifetime of the late Duke—and they were delighted to revive old memories. The *Victoria and Albert* landed the Royal party at Invergordon, whence the special train, with its Royal saloon and the Duke of Sutherland's private saloon, took them on at a leisurely pace of thirty miles an hour to Elgin. Lunch was then served whilst the train went on by the Moray Firth coast line—quite a new route for Royalty—to Aberdeen, and so to Ballater, the journey occupying some five hours.

A hearty Highland welcome awaited the King and Queen on their arrival at Ballater. The whole place was keeping holiday and was gay with flags and enthusiastic crowds. The Prince of Wales met his parents at the station, where the Cameron Highlanders formed a guard of honour and the pipers played lustily. All along the way to Balmoral the people had turned out to cheer their Sovereigns, who found a beautiful triumphal arch at the chief entrance to Balmoral and a guard of Highlanders to escort them to the Castle. On the lawn the tenants, gillies, and keepers were assembled, the reception of the Royal party being most enthusiastic. Except for entertaining a few relatives and intimate friends Their Majesties will spend a very quiet time at the Castle. King Edward looks forward to plenty of sport in the deer-forests with the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Fife, while the Queen will go fishing and photographing with her daughters. Their Majesties intended to be present at the Braemar gathering on Wednesday.





DRAWN BY H. M. PAGE

The Royal yacht anchored one morning between Goat Island and Arnish Lighthouse. In the afternoon Their Majesties landed at Stornoway, and drove through the town to Lews Castle, the residence of Major Matheson. They were warmly welcomed on their way, and, after driving all over the Castle grounds, the King and the Queen each planted a fir tree to commemorate their visit.

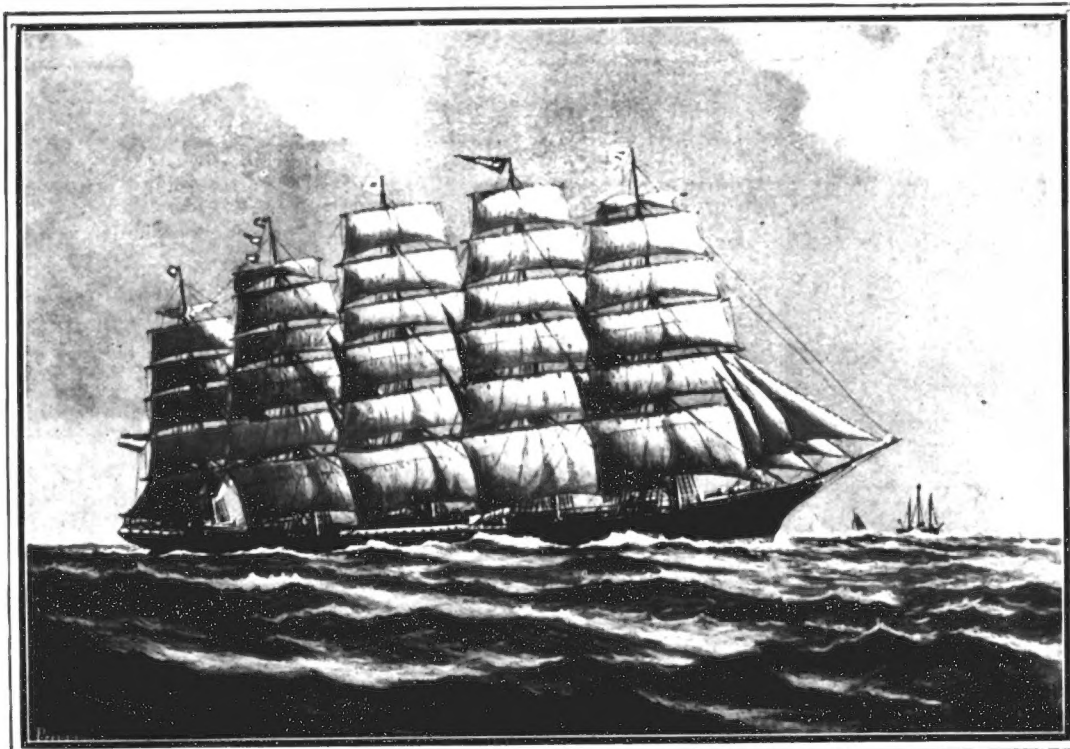
THE CRUISE OF THE KING AND QUEEN: COMMEMORATING THEIR VISIT TO LEWS CASTLE, STORNOWAY

FROM A SKETCH BY RUSSEY F. HALL, M.V.O.

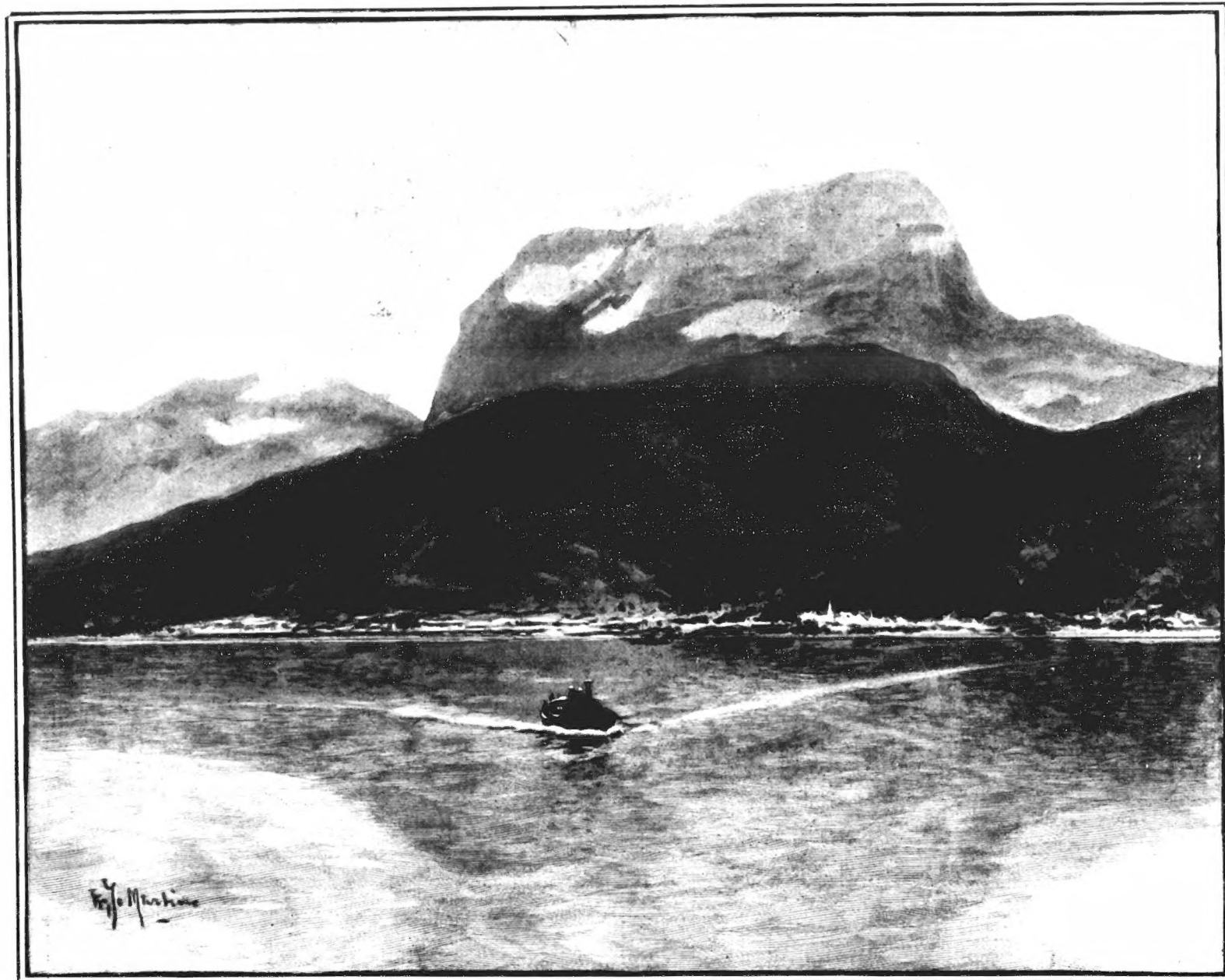
## The Largest Sailing Vessel Afloat

THE *Preussen* started, a few weeks ago, on her first voyage to the west coast of South America. She is at present the largest sailing vessel in the world, her dimensions being:—Length 440ft., breadth 50ft., depth 33ft. Her displacement when fully laden is 11,150 tons; she will carry 8,000 tons, and her registered tonnage is 4,000 tons. She was built of steel in a shipbuilding yard at Geestemünde which has a great reputation for fast sailing vessels. All her five masts are full-rigged, and all her yards, which number thirty, as well as her masts and topmasts, even her top-gallant-masts, are of steel, there being no wood aloft, except the blocks. She carries 550 tons of water ballast in her double bottom. The winches, capstan, pumps and steering gear are worked by steam. The crew consists of forty-six hands in all. The *Preussen* belongs to a Hamburg firm, which has a whole fleet of swift sailing vessels, all of them first-class clippers, the largest one having hitherto been the *Potosi*, which is fully forty feet shorter than the *Preussen*. Our sketch is by L. Arenhold.

THERE have been several additions to the repertory of the Queen's Hall Concerts during the past week, including a symphonic poem, entitled "The Skeleton in Armour," by Mr. Josef Holbrooke, a skilful piece of orchestration, based upon Longfellow's poem, which, however, it is not possible adequately to illustrate in the orchestra; two delicious little children's pieces by Dr. Elgar, the preludes from Bruneau's last opera, and various other works. The novelties which had been announced from the pens of Smetana and Mr. Ernest Blake were, however, postponed. Later on in the present week are announced an overture by Thuillé, a pianoforte professor at Munich, and the prelude to the opera *Cleopatra*, by Enna, a Danish composer, who was the son of a poor shoemaker, and in early life played the drum before the door of a circus tent. He is now acknowledged to be one of the most promising of Scandinavian musicians.



THE BIGGEST SAILING SHIP IN THE WORLD



THE MOUNTAIN SHOWN IN THE BACKGROUND IS BEN NEVIS (4,406 FEET), THE HIGHEST IN SCOTLAND

THE CRUISE OF THE KING AND QUEEN: THE ROYAL YACHT'S STEAM LAUNCH IN LOCH LEVEN

DRAWN BY EDUARDO DE MARTINO, M.V.O., MARINE PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO THE KING





*"So exhausted was Miriam that she fell fast asleep"*

## PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE ESSENES FIND THEIR QUEEN AGAIN

THEY went on towards the gates of the Temple, but many a long day was destined to go by ere Miriam reached them. The entrance by which they were told they must approach if they sought speech of the high priest, was one of the two Huldah Gates on the south side of the Royal Cloister and thither they came across the valley of Tyropeon. As they drew near to them of a sudden that gate which stood most to the east was flung wide, and out of it issued a thousand or more of armed men, like ants from a broken nest, who, shouting and waving swords, rushed towards their company. As it chanced at the moment they were in the centre of an open space that once had been houses but was now cumbered with hundreds of blackened and tottering walls, for fire had devoured them.

"It is the men of John who attack us," cried a voice, whereon, moved by a common impulse, the little band turned and fled for shelter among the ruined houses; yes, even Caleb and Benoni fled.

Before they reached them, lo! from these crumbling walls that they had thought untenanted, save by wandering dogs, out rushed

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another body of savage warriors, the men of Simon who held the Lower City.

After this, Miriam knew little of what happened. Swords and spears flashed round her, the factions fell upon each other, slaughtering each other. She saw Caleb cut down one of the soldiers of John, to be instantly assaulted in turn by a soldier of Simon, since all desired to kill, but none cared whom they slew. She saw her grandfather rolling over and over on the ground in the grip of a man who looked like a priest; she saw women and children pierced with spears. Then Nehushta seized her by the hand, and plunging a knife into the arm of a man who would have stayed them, dragged her away. They fled, an arrow sang past her ear; something struck her on the foot. Still, they fled, whither she knew not, till at length the sound of the tumult died away. But not yet would Nehushta stop, for she feared that they might be followed. So on they went, and on, meeting few and heeded by none, till at length Miriam sank to the ground, worn out with fear and fright.

"Up," said Nehushta.

"I cannot," she answered. "Something has hurt my foot. See, it bleeds!"

Nehushta looked about her, and saw that they were outside the second wall in the new city of Bezetha, not far from the old Damascus Gate, for there, to their right and a little behind them,

rose the great tower of Antonia. Beneath this wall were rubbish-heaps, foul-smelling and covered over with rough grasses and some spring flowers, which grew upon the slopes of the ancient fosse. Here seemed a place where they might lie hid a while, since there were no houses and it was unsavoury. She dragged Miriam to her feet, and, notwithstanding her complaints and swollen ankle, forced her on, till they came to a spot where, as it is to-day, the wall was built upon foundations of living rock, roughly shaped, and lined with crevices covered by tall weeds. To one of these crevices Nehushta brought Miriam, and, seating her on a bed of grass, examined her foot, which seemed to have been bruised by a stone from a sling. Having no water with which to wash the bleeding hurt, she made a poultice of crushed herbs and tied it about the ankle with a strip of linen. Even before she had finished her task, so exhausted was Miriam that she fell fast asleep. Nehushta watched her a while, wondering what they should do next, till, in that lonely place bathed by the warm spring sun, she also began to doze.

Suddenly she awoke with a start, having dreamed that she saw a man with white face and beard peering at them from behind a rough angle of rock. She stared: There was the rock as she had dreamed of it, but no man. She looked upward. Above them, piled block upon gigantic block, rose the wall, towering and impregnable. Thither he could not have gone, since on it only a

lizard could find foothold. Nor was he anywhere else, for there was no cover, so she decided that he must have been some searcher of the rubbish-heap who, seeing them hidden in the tall grasses, had fled away. Miriam was still sound asleep, and in her weariness presently Nehushta again began to doze, till at length, it may have been one hour later, or two, or three, she knew not, some sound disturbed her. Opening her eyes, once more behind that ridge of rock she saw, not one white-bearded face, but two, staring at her and Miriam. As she sat up they vanished. She remained still, pretending to sleep, and again they appeared, scanning her closely and whispering to each other in eager tones. Suddenly one of the faces turned a little so that the light fell on it. Now Nehushta knew why in her dream it had seemed familiar, and in her heart thanked God.

"Brother Ithiel," she said in a quiet voice, "why do you hide like a coney in these rocks?"

Both heads disappeared, but the sound of whispering continued. Then one of them rose again among the green grasses as a man might rise out of water. It was Ithiel's.

"It is indeed you, Nehushta?" said his well-remembered voice.

"Who else?" she asked.

"And that lady who sleeps at your side?"

"Once they called her the Queen of the Essenes, now she is a hunted fugitive, waiting to be massacred by Simon, or John, or Eleazer, or Zealots, or Sicarii, or any other of the holy cut-throats who inhabit this Holy City," answered Nehushta bitterly.

Ithiel raised his hands as though in thankfulness, then said,

"Hush! hush! Here the very birds are spies. Brother, creep to that rock and look if any men are moving."

The Essene obeyed, and answered, "None; and they cannot see us from the wall."

Ithiel motioned to him to return.

"Does she sleep sound?" he asked of Nehushta, pointing to Miriam.

"Like the dead."

Then, after another whispered conference, the pair of them crept round the angle of the rock. Bidding Nehushta follow them, they lifted the sleeping Miriam, and carried her between them through a dense growth of shrubs to another rock. Here they moved some grass and pushed aside a stone, revealing a hole not much larger than a jackal would make. Into this the brother entered, heels first. Then Nehushta, by his directions, taking the feet of the senseless Miriam, with her help he bore her into the hole, that opened presently into a wide passage. Last of all Ithiel, having lifted the grasses which their feet had trodden, followed them, pulling the stone back to its place, and cutting off the light. Once more they were in darkness, but this did not seem to trouble the brethren, for, again lifting Miriam, they went forward a distance of thirty or forty paces, Nehushta holding on to Ithiel's robe. Now, at length, the cold air of this cave, or perhaps its deep gloom and the motion awoke Miriam from her swoon-like sleep. She struggled in their hands, and would have cried out, had not Nehushta bade her to be silent.

"Where am I?" she said. "Is this the hall of death?"

"Nay, lady. Wait a while, all shall be explained."

While she spoke and Miriam clung to her affrighted, Ithiel struck iron and flint together. Catching the spark upon tinder he blew it to a flame and lighted a taper which burnt up slowly, causing his white beard and face to appear by degrees out of the darkness, like that of a ghost rising from the tomb.

"Oh! surely I am dead," said Miriam, "for before me stands the spirit of my uncle Ithiel."

"Not the spirit, Miriam, but the flesh," answered the old man in a voice that trembled with joy. Then, since he could restrain himself no longer, he gave the taper to the brother, and, taking her in his arms, kissed her again and again.

"Welcome, most dear child," he said, "yes, even to this darkness—den, welcome, thrice welcome, and blessed be the eternal God Who led our feet forth to find you. Nay, do not stop to talk, we are still too near the wall. Give me your hand and come."

Miriam glanced up as she obeyed and by the feeble light of the taper saw a vast rocky roof arching above them. On either side of her also were walls of rough-hewn rock down which dripped water, and piled upon the floor or still hanging half-cut from the roof, boulders large enough to fashion a temple column.

"What awful place is this, my uncle?" she asked.

"The cavern whence Solomon, the great king, drew stone for the building of the Temple. Look, there are his masons' marks upon the wall. Here he fashioned the blocks and thus it happened that no sound of saw or hammer was heard within the building. Doubtless also other kings before and since his day have used this quarry, as no man knows its age."

While he spoke thus he was leading her onwards over the rough, stone-strewn floor, where the damp gathered in little pools. Following the windings of the cave they turned once, then again and yet again, so that soon Miriam was utterly bewildered and could not have found her way back to the entrance for her life's sake. Moreover, the air had become so hot and stifling that she could scarcely breathe.

"It will be better presently," said Ithiel, noticing her distress, as he drew her limping after him into what seemed to be a natural crevice of rock hardly large enough to allow the passage of his body. Along this crevice they scrambled for eight or ten paces, to find themselves suddenly in a tunnel lined with masonry, and so large that they could stand upright.

"Once it was a watercourse," explained Ithiel, "that filled the great tank, but now it has been dry for centuries."

Down this darksome shaft hobbled Miriam, till presently it ended in a wall, or what seemed to be a wall, for when Ithiel pressed upon a stone it turned. Beyond it the tunnel continued for twenty or thirty paces, leading them at length into a vast chamber with arched roof and cemented sides and bottom, which in some bygone age had been a water-tank. Here lights were burning, and even a charcoal fire, at which a brother was engaged in cooking. Also the air was pure and sweet, doubtless because of the winding water-channels that ran upwards. Nor did the place lack inhabitants, for there, seated in groups round the tapers, or watching the cooking

over the charcoal fire, were forty or fifty men, still clad, for the most part, in the robes of the Essenes.

"Brethren," cried Ithiel, in answer to the challenge of one who was set to watch the entry, "I bring back to you her whom we lost a while ago, the lady Miriam."

They heard, and seizing the tapers, ran forward.

"It is she!" they cried, "our queen and none other, and with her Nehushta the Libyan! Welcome, welcome, a thousand times, dear lady!"

Miriam greeted them one and all, and before these greetings were finished they brought her food to eat, rough but wholesome, also good wine and sweet water. Then while she ate she heard all their story. It seemed that more than a year ago the Romans, marching on Jericho, had fallen upon their village and put a great number of them to death, seizing others as slaves. Thereon the remnant fled to Jerusalem, where many more perished, for, being peaceable folk, all the factions robbed and slew them. Seeing, at last, that to live at large in the city would be to doom themselves to extinction, and yet not daring to leave it, they sought a refuge in this underground place, of which, as it chanced, one of their brethren had the secret. This he had inherited from his father, who, in turn, inherited it from his father, so that it was known to no other living man.

Here by degrees they laid up a great store of provisions of all sorts, of charcoal for burning and other necessities, carrying into the place also clothes, bedding, cooking utensils and even some rough furniture. These preparations being made, the fifty of them who remained removed themselves to the vaults where now they had already dwelt three months, and here, so far as was possible, continued to practise the rules of their order. Miriam asked how they kept their health in this darkness, to which they replied that sometimes they went out by that path which she had just followed, and mingled with the people in the city, returning to their hole at night. Ithiel and his companion were on such a journey when they found her. Also they had another passage to the upper air which they would show her later.

When Miriam had finished eating, dressed her hurt, and rested awhile, they took her to explore the wonders of the place. Beyond this great cistern, that was their common room, lay more to the number of six or seven, one of the smallest of which was given to Nehushta and herself to dwell in. Others were filled with stores enough to last them all for months. Last of all was a cave, not very large but deep, which always held sweet water. Doubtless, there was a spring at the bottom of it, which, when the other rained tanks grew dry, still kept it supplied. From this cistern that had been used for generations after the others were abandoned, a little stair ran upwards, worn smooth by the feet of folk long dead, who had come hither to draw water.

"Where does it lead?" asked Miriam.

"To the ruined tower above," answered Ithiel. "Nay, another time I will show you. Now your place is made ready for you, go, let Nehushta bathe your foot and sleep, for you must need it sorely."

So Miriam went and laid herself down to rest in the little cemented vault which was to be her home for four long months, and being worn out, notwithstanding the sufferings she had passed and her fears for her grandfather, slept there as soundly as ever she had done in her wind-swept chamber at the palace of Tyre, or in her house at the village of the Essenes.

When she awoke and saw the darkness all about her, she thought that it must be night, then remembering that in this place it was always night, called to Nehushta, who uncovered the little lamp that burned in a corner of the vault, and went out, to return presently with the news that according to the Essenes, it was day. So she rose and put on her robes, and they passed together into the great chamber. Here they found the Essenes at prayer, and making their reverences to the sun which they could not see, after which they ate their morning meal. Now Miriam spoke to Ithiel, telling him of her trouble about her grandfather, who, if he himself still lived, would think that she was dead.

"One thing is certain," replied her great-uncle: "that you shall not go out to seek him, nor must you tell him of your hiding-place, since soon or late this might mean that all of us would be destroyed, if only for the sake of the food which we have hoarded."

Miriam asked if she could not send a message. He answered:

"No, since none would dare to take it." In the end, however, after she had pleaded with him long and earnestly, it was agreed that she should write the words, "I am safe and well, but in a place that I must not tell you of," and sign her name upon a piece of parchment. This letter Ithiel, who purposed to creep out into the city that evening disguised as a beggar to seek for tidings, said he would take, and, if might be, bribe some soldier to deliver it to Benoni at the house of the high priest, if he were there.

So Miriam wrote the letter, and, at nightfall, Ithiel and another brother departed, taking it with them.

On the following morning they returned, safe, but with a dreadful tale of the slaughters in the city and in the Temple courts where the mad factions still fought furiously.

"Your tidings, my uncle?" said Miriam, rising to meet him.

"Does he still live?"

"Be of good comfort," he answered. "Benoni reached the house of Mathias in safety, and Caleb also, and now they are sheltering there within the Temple walls. This much I had from one of the high priest's guards, who, for the price of a piece of gold I gave him, swore that he would deliver the letter without fail. But, child, I will take no more, for that soldier eyed me curiously and said it was scarcely safe for beggars to carry gold."

Miriam thanked him for his goodness and his news, saying that they lifted a weight from her heart.

"I have other tidings that may perhaps make it lighter still," went on the old man, looking at her sideways, "Titus with a mighty host draws near to Jerusalem from Caesarea."

"There is no joy in that tale," replied Miriam, "for it means that the Holy City will be besieged and taken."

"Nay, but among that host is one who, if all the stories are true," and again he glanced at her face, "would rather take you than the city."

"Who?" she said, pressing her hands against her heart and turning redder than the lamplight.

"One of Titus' prefects of horse, the noble Roman Marcus, whom in bygone days you knew by the banks of Jordan."

Now the red blood fled back to Miriam's heart, and she turned so faint that had not the wall been near at hand she would have fallen.

"Marcus?" she said. "Well, he swore that he would come, yet it will bring him little nearer me," and she turned and sought her chamber.

So Marcus had come. Since he sent the letter and the ring that was upon her hand, and the pearls which were about her throat, she had heard no more of him. Twice she had written and forwarded the writings by the most trusty messenger whom she could find, but whether they reached him she did not know. For more than two years the silence between them had been that of death, till, indeed, at times she thought that he must be dead. And now he was come back, a commander in the army of Titus, who marched to punish the rebellious Jews. Would she ever see him again? She could not tell. Yet she knelt and prayed from her pure heart that if it were once only, she might speak with him face to face. Indeed, it was this hope of meeting that, more than any other, supported her through all those dreadful days.

A week went by, and although the hurt to her foot had healed, like some flower in the dark Miriam drooped and languished in those gloomy vaults. Twice she prayed her uncle to be allowed to creep to the mouth of the hole behind the ridge of rock, there to breathe the fresh air and see the blessed sky. But this he would not suffer. The thing was too dangerous, he said, for although none knew the secret of their hiding-place, already two or three fugitives had found their way into the quarries by other entrances, and these it was very difficult to pass unseen.

"So be it," answered Miriam, and crept back to her cell.

Nehushta looked after her anxiously, then said:

"If she cannot have air I think she will soon die. Is there no way?"

"One," answered Ithiel, "but I fear to take it. The staircase from the spring leads to an ancient tower that, I am told, once was a palace of the kings, but now for these many years has been deserted, for its entrance is bricked up lest thieves should make it their home. None can come into that tower, nor is it used for purposes of war, not standing upon any wall, and there she might sit at peace and see the sun; yet I fear to let her do so."

"It must be risked," answered Nehushta. "Take me to visit this place."

So Ithiel led her to the cistern, and from the cistern up a flight of steps to a little vaulted chamber, into which they entered through a stone trap-door, made of the same substance as the paving of the chamber, so that, when it was closed, none would guess that there was a passage beneath it. From this old store-room, for such it doubtless was, ran more steps, ending, to all appearance, in a blank wall. Coming to it, Ithiel thrust a piece of flat iron, a foot or more in length, into a crack in this wall, lifted some stone latch within, and pushed, whereon a block of masonry of something more than the height and width of a man, and quite a yard in thickness, swung outwards. Nehushta passed through the aperture, followed by Ithiel.

"See," he said, loosing his hold of the stone, which without noise instantly closed, so that behind them there appeared to be nothing but a wall, "it is well hung, is it not? and to come hither without this iron would be dangerous. Here is the crack where it must be set to lift the latch within."

"Whoever lived here guarded their food and water well," answered Nehushta.

Then Ithiel showed her the place. It was a massive tower of a square of about forty feet, whereof the only doorway, as he told her, had been bricked up many years before to keep the thieves and vagabonds from sheltering there. In height it must have measured nearly a hundred feet, and its roof had long ago rotted away. The staircase, which was of stone, still remained however, leading to four galleries, also of stone. Perhaps once there were floors as well, but if so these had vanished, only the stone galleries and their balustrades remaining. Ithiel led Nehushta up the stair, which, though narrow, was safe and easy. Resting at each story, at length they came to that gallery which projected from its sides within ten feet of the top of the tower, and saw Jerusalem and the country round spread like a map beneath. Then, as it was sunset, they returned. At the foot of the stair Ithiel gave Nehushta the piece of iron and showed her how to lift the secret latch and pull upon the block of hewn stone that was a door, so that it opened to swing to again behind them.

Next morning, before it was dawn in the world above, Miriam aroused Nehushta. She had been promised that this day she should be taken up the Old Tower, and so great was her longing for the scent of the free air and the sight of the blue sky that she had scarcely closed her eyes this night.

"Have patience, lady," said Nehushta, "have patience. We cannot start until the Essenes have finished their prayers to the sun, which, down in this black hole, they worship more earnestly than ever."

So Miriam waited, though she would eat nothing, till at length Ithiel came and led them past the cistern up the stairs to the store, or treasure chamber, where the trap door was opened, since, except in case of some danger, they had no need to shut it. Next, they reached the door of solid stone which Ithiel showed her how to open, and entered the base of the massive building. There, far above her, Miriam saw the sky again, red with the lights of morning, and at the sight of it clapped her hands and called aloud.

"Hush!" said Ithiel. "These walls are thick, yet it is not safe to raise a voice of joy in Jerusalem, that home of a thousand miseries, lest, perchance, some should hear it through a cleft in the masonry, and cause search to be made for the singer. Now, if you will, follow me."

So they went up and up, till at last they reached the topmost gallery, where the wall was pierced with loopholes and overhanging platforms, whence stones and other missiles could be hurled upon an attacking force. Miriam looked out eagerly, walking round the gallery from aperture to aperture.

To the south lay the marble courts and glittering buildings of the Temple, whence, although men fought daily in them, the smoke of



sacrifice still curled up to heaven. Behind these were the Upper and the Lower City, crowded with thousands of houses, packed, every one of them, with human beings who had fled hither for refuge, or, notwithstanding the dangers of the time, to celebrate the Passover. To the east was the rugged valley of Jehoshaphat, and beyond it the Mount of Olives, green with trees soon to be laid low by the Romans. To the north the new city of Bezetha, bordered by the third wall, and the rocky lands beyond. Not far away, also, but somewhat in front of them and to the left, rose the mighty tower of Antonia, now one of the strongholds of John of Gischala and the Zealots, while also to the west, across the width of the city, were the towers of Hippicus, Phasel and Mariamne, backed by the splendid palace of Herod. Besides these were walls, fortresses, gates and palaces without number, so intricate and many that the eye could scarcely follow or count them, and, between, the numberless narrow streets of Jerusalem. These and many other things Ithiel pointed out to Miriam, who listened eagerly till he wearied of the task. Then they looked downwards through the overhanging platforms of stone to the large market-place beneath and to the front, and upon the roofs of the houses, mostly of the humbler sort, that were built behind almost up to the walls of the Old Tower, whereon many people were gathered as though for safety, eating their morning meal, talking anxiously together, and even praying.

Whilst they were thus engaged, Nehushta touched Miriam and pointed to the road which ran from the Valley of Thorns on the north-east. She looked, and saw a great cloud of dust that advanced swiftly, and presently, through the dust, the sheen of spears and armour.

"The Romans!" said Nehushta quietly.

She was not the only one who had caught sight of them, for suddenly the battlement of every wall and tower, the roof of every lofty house, the upper courts of the Temple, and all high places became crowded with thousands and tens of thousands of heads, each of them staring towards that advancing dust. In silence they stared as though their multitudes were stricken dumb, till presently, from far below out of the maze of winding streets floated the wail of a single voice.

"Woe, woe to Jerusalem!" said the voice. "Woe, woe to the City and the Temple!"

The Imperial Standard sank, then rose and sank again to rise once more. Now dust hid the combat, and she thought that all the Romans must be slain. But no, for presently they began to appear beyond the dust, riding back by the way they had come, though fewer than they were. They had charged through the multitudes of Jews and escaped. But who had escaped and who were left behind? Ah! that she could not tell, and it was with a sick and anxious heart that Miriam descended the steps of the tower into the darkness of the caves.

(To be continued)

## Our Portraits

**THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT BOURKE**, first Baron Connemara, was the third son of Robert, fifth Earl of Mayo. He was born at Hayes, co. Meath, in 1827, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was called to the English Bar at the Inner Temple. He built up a large practice at the Parliamentary Bar. His first appearance as a Parliamentary candidate was at the General Election of 1868, when he took his seat in the Conservative interest for King's Lynn, and he had a long and distinguished political career. In 1886 he was appointed Governor of Madras, in succession to Sir M. E. Grant-Duff. The following year he was raised to the Peerage of the United Kingdom as Baron Connemara, of Connemara, co. Galway. He resigned the position of Governor of Madras in 1890. Lord Connemara was twice married, but he had outlived both his wives, and as he leaves no heir, the barony, after a brief existence of fifteen years, becomes extinct. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

The Rev. Robert Burton Fearon, who, with his brother, was killed by lightning on the Wetterhorn, had been for seven years curate of St. John's the Evangelist, Hammersmith. Mr. Fearon was a Master of Arts of Keble College, Oxford, and after he left that institution he continued his theological education at the

of LL.D., and the Senate, in consideration of his great age, paid him the additional compliment of breaking through the rule of the University and conferring the honour *in absentia*. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. John Trivett Nettlehip, the well-known animal painter, was a son of the late Henry John Nettlehip, solicitor, of Kettering, and was born in 1841. His brothers were Henry Nettlehip, Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford; Richard Lewis Nettlehip, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol; and Edward Nettlehip, the eminent oculist. Mr. Nettlehip first essayed literature, but very soon abandoned this for painting, receiving his training at Heatherley's and the Slade School, and exhibiting regularly at the Grosvenor, the Royal Academy, and the New Gallery. His special study was wild animals; and in a large number of pictures and drawings he showed how deeply he had been impressed by the forms, the movements, and the colours of beasts of prey, especially lions, Polar bears, and leopards. He had a real understanding of animals, and painted them with a vigour of imagination which was always interesting. He married in 1876, the daughter of the late James Hinton, F.R.S., the famous aural surgeon and the author of "The Mystery of Pain." Our portrait is by the Gainsborough Studio, Oxford Street.

## Paris Gossipings

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

THE excessive speed of automobiles in and around Paris is becoming a serious affair. There are over 8,000 motor-cars in Paris alone, and there seems to be a competition between them as to who will go fastest. The newspapers have opened a standing rubric for automobile accidents, and it is well supplied with matter, but it does not seem to act in any way as a deterrent. The police regulations give thirty kilometres (about twenty miles) an hour as the limit, but the average *chauffeur* pays no attention to it.

The life Senators in France are becoming rapidly fewer. By the



THE LATE LORD CONNEMARA  
Formerly Governor of Madras



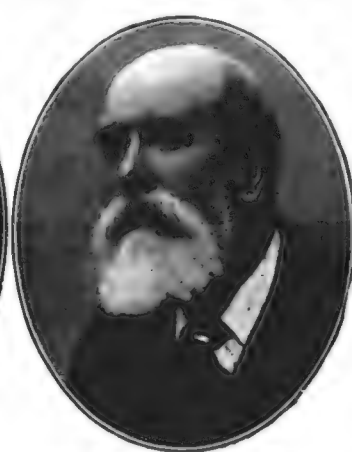
THE REV. ROBERT B. FEARON  
Killed on the Wetterhorn



MAJOR-GENERAL LORD WILLIAM SEYMOUR  
New Lieutenant of the Tower



THE LATE MR. PHILIP JAMES BAILEY  
Author of "Festus"



THE LATE MR. J. T. NETTLESHIP  
Animal Painter

They shuddered, and as it seemed to them, all the listening thousands within reach of that mournful cry shuddered also. "Aye!" repeated Ithiel, "woe to Jerusalem, for yonder comes her doom."

Now on the more rocky ground the dust grew thinner, and through it they could distinguish the divisions of the mighty army of destroyers. First came thousands of Syrian allies and clouds of scouts and archers, who searched the country far and wide. Next appeared the road-makers and the camp-setters, the beasts of burden with the general's baggage and its great escort, followed by Titus himself, his bodyguard and officers, by pikemen and by horsemen. Then were seen strange and terrible-looking engines of war beyond count, and with them the tribunes, and the captains of cohorts and their guards who preceded the ensigns, and that "abomination of desolation," the Roman Eagles, surrounded by bands of trumpeters, who from time to time uttered their loud, defiant note. After them marched the vast army in ranks six deep, divided into legions and followed by their camp-bearers and squadrons of horse. Lastly, were seen the great parks of baggage and mercenaries by thousands and tens of thousands. On the Hill of Saul the great host halted and began to encamp. An hour later a band of horsemen five or six hundred strong emerged out of this camp and marched along the straight road to Jerusalem.

"It is Titus himself," said Ithiel. "See, the Imperial Standard goes before him."

On they came till, from their lofty perch, Miriam, who was keen-sighted, could see their separate armour and tell the colour of their horses. Eagerly she searched them with her eyes, for well she guessed that Marcus would be one of those who accompanied his general upon this service. That plumed warrior might be he, or that with the purple cloak, or that who galloped out from near by the standard on an errand. He was there; she was sure that he was there, and yet they were as far apart as when the great sea rolled between them.

Now, as they reconnoitred, and were passing the Tower of Women, of a sudden the gate opened, and from alleys and houses where they had lain in ambush were poured out thousands of the Jews. Right through the thin line of horsemen they pierced, uttering savage cries, then doubled back upon the severed ends. Many were cut down; Miriam could see them falling from their horses.

Kedleston Training College. For some time prior to 1895 he conducted a mission at Herne Hill, and on being ordained in that year was appointed to St. John's the Evangelist. Our portrait is by C. Vandyk, Gloucester Road.

Lieutenant-General Lord William F. E. Seymour, who succeeds General Sir W. Stirling as Lieutenant of the Tower of London, has seen active service with both the Army and the Navy. He joined the Navy in 1851, and was present at the taking of Bomarsund during the Baltic Expedition. In 1855 he joined the Coldstream Guards, with whom he fought in the Crimea. He was afterwards on the staff in Canada, and his subsequent appointments included special employment in Egypt, where he was present at the engagements of Mahuta and Tel-el-Kebir, and a mission to Syria. From 1898 to 1900 he was Lieutenant-General commanding the troops in Canada, and in the following year he was chosen to fill temporarily the post of Military Secretary at the Headquarters of the Army. Our portrait is by Lambert Weston and Son, Dover.

Mr. Phillip James Bailey, the distinguished author of "Festus," was born in 1816 and was consequently in his eighty-seventh year. Until recently he had enjoyed robust health, but an attack of influenza some months ago left him in an enfeebled state. He was educated at Glasgow University, and afterwards entered a solicitor's office in London, becoming a member of Lincoln's Inn. He was scarcely twenty when he began his fam ous work, upon which his reputation entirely rests. It was published when he was only twenty-three years of age, and passed through eleven editions in England, and upwards of thirty in America. It is difficult now to quite appreciate the enthusiasm which "Festus" evoked. Tennyson praised it in no measured terms, and a chorus of praise resounded throughout two continents. The poem is, of course, founded on the same legend as Goethe's "Faust" and Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus," with the difference that Mr. Bailey chose to make his hero triumph over the powers of evil. It is safe to say that not many people have even a slight acquaintance with the poem nowadays, and yet many lines from it have passed into being the most familiar of quotations. A year ago, or about seventy years after his matriculation, the University of Glasgow bestowed upon him the honorary degree

original Constitution of the Republic, passed in 1875, a certain number of eminent men were appointed to the Upper House for life, a sort of imitation of the British House of Lords. At first they were named by the President, but the Government got jealous of this privilege, and the right to nominate them was then vested in the Senate itself. In 1884 the life Senators were abolished entirely, and as each dies his seat is attributed by lot to one of the departments. At present the life Senators have dropped to the ominous number of thirteen. Nine of them, the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier, M. Luro, M. Henri de Saisy, M. Gouin, M. Berenger, M. Magnin, M. Guizot, General Billot and M. Wallon, belong to the original nomination in 1875. The other four, M. Deschanel, M. Berthelot, M. Clamageran and M. de Marcère, were nominated by the Senate itself. The doyen of the House is the venerable M. Wallon, the "Father of the Constitution," who is ninety-six years of age. Many people regret the abolition of life Senators, as it, at least, ensured that men of eminence got into the Upper House. Of late years the social position of the Senators has been steadily falling, and now the Senate is chiefly made up of obscure barristers and country doctors.

At present Paris seems to be suffering from an epidemic of crime. The papers each day publish columns about the doings of street ruffians of the Hooligan type. In fact, one would think that it was as much as a citizen's life was worth to venture abroad after night fall. I imagine that a certain amount of allowance must be made for the fact that it is the "silly season," and the papers are hard up for matter to fill their columns, and apt to give prominence to news that at other times would be dismissed in a paragraph.

But one thing that is distinctly strange is the action of the authorities of the Department des Domaines, which the other day announced the sale by public auction of revolvers, "jemmies," bowie knives, knuckle-dusters, etc., seized on the criminals arrested during the past twelve months. As it is forbidden by law to have such articles in one's possession, it seems to me that the State is aiding and abetting a felony in selling them to the public. This curious auction probably finds its explanation in some rule of the red tape of the French Administration.



"AT THE FERRY": A STUDY AT VOLENDAM

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY, R.I.





A GLIMPSE INTO HAMPTON COURT GARDENS FROM A WINDOW IN THE PALACE

DRAWN BY PAUL RENOUARD

## Sir Frederick Abel

SIR FREDERICK ABEL, BART., F.R.S., the well-known chemist, had recently completed his seventy-fifth year, having been born in July, 1827. He was descended from an old Swedish family, which migrated into Germany in the seventeenth century. At the age of fourteen he went to Hamburg to stay with his uncle, A. T. Abel, a mineralogist, and a pupil of Berzelius, the famous chemist. This was the beginning of a scientific career. When the Royal College of Chemistry was opened, under the celebrated Dr. von Hofmann, he became one of Hofmann's assistants, and had acquired a sufficient standing to secure the succession to Faraday when he retired from the Royal Military Academy. In 1854 the office of Ordnance Chemist, known subsequently as Chemist to the War Office, was created, and Sir Frederick Abel was appointed to fill it. He held the position for thirty-four years. In that period our whole artillery and rifle system underwent a series of successive and momentous changes. New guns, new methods of rifling, new kinds of ammunition came into existence. With all these changes Sir Frederick Abel had much to do. The greatest innovation was the introduction of gun-cotton, the invention of Schönbein, a German chemist, and consisted of cotton treated with nitric and sulphuric acids. Its first manufacture in this country, as in others, was attended with serious accidents, for, like all nitric acid compounds, it was extremely instable. Sir Frederick Abel succeeded, after prolonged experiments with this substance, in rendering it less dangerous by ridding it of the free acid and converting it into compact homogeneous masses. Subsequently, when the British Government attacked the problem of producing a satisfactory smokeless gun-cotton powder, Sir Frederick Abel was appointed president of a committee to thresh out the whole question. In the end, with Professor Dewar, he patented the well-known cordite, a compound in the main of gun-cotton and nitro-glycerine. In conjunction with Sir Andrew Noble, Sir Frederick also carried out a protracted investigation into the explosive effects of black powder, while an important duty of the late baronet, as adviser to the Government, and possibly the one subjected to the greatest amount of popular criticism, had reference to the regulations prescribed for the safe storage of petroleum. To enumerate the most important offices he filled and the honours bestowed on him is a lengthy task. It was shortly after the outbreak of the Crimean War that he succeeded Faraday in the professorship



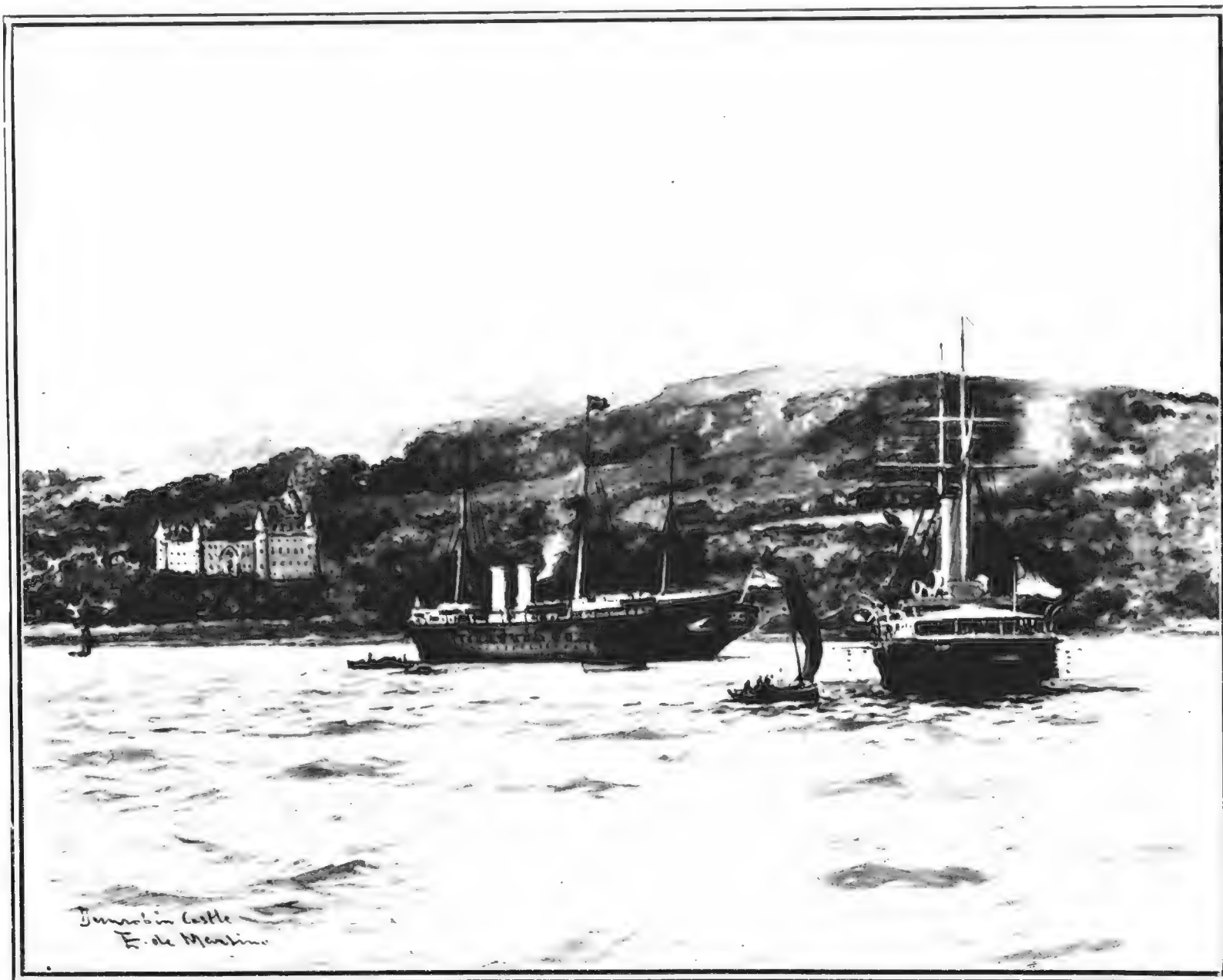
THE LATE SIR FREDERICK ABEL  
The Eminent Scientist

of chemistry at the Royal Military Academy. He was appointed chemist of the War Department in 1854, and was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1860. He was president of the Government Committee on Explosives, and at various times occupied the offices of president of the Chemical Society, the Institute of Chemistry, the Society of Chemical Industry,

the British Association, the Iron and Steel Institute, the Institute of Electrical Engineers, and chairman of the Society of Arts. He was awarded the Royal Medal of the Royal Society in 1877 "for his physico-chemical researches on gunpowder and explosive agents," and the Albert Medal of the Society of Arts in 1891 "in recognition of the manner in which he had promoted several important classes of the arts and manufactures by the application of chemical science, and especially by his researches in the manufacture of iron and steel; and also of the great services he had rendered to the State in the provision of improved war material, and as chemist to the War Department." He was honorary member of the Institution of Civil Engineers, of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, of the French Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, of the Chemical Society of Germany, and of the Royal United Service Institution. Oxford conferred the degree of D.C.L. upon him, and Cambridge that of D.Sc. He was created C.B. in 1877, was knighted in 1883 (in which year he was also Commissioner to the Electrical Exhibition at Vienna), was promoted to the Knight Commandership of the Bath in 1891, when he retired from Government service; he was made a baronet two years later; and last year the Grand Cross of the Victorian Order was conferred upon him. He was twice married, but both his wives predeceased him, and he leaves no heir to the baronetcy. Our portrait is by J. Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

## Our Supplement

THE river season of 1902 will not be remembered as among the finest; but in a summer when there has been more dull weather and rain than sunshine, it is something to be able to say that sometimes glorious weather favoured a regatta. For instance, the Teddington Reach Regatta the other day was held under a bright blue sky, with a summer sun lighting up the gay scene on the river. On occasions like this the Thames is seen at its best. The sunlit water is crowded with boats of all description. Steam launches, skiffs, gondolas, punts and canoes, each with its company of happy people in light summer costumes make the scene one of the brightest and prettiest imaginable. Indeed, a popular regatta in fine weather such as our supplement shows, affords a spectacle unrivalled in its beauty.



THE CRUISE OF THE KING AND QUEEN: THE ROYAL YACHT ANCHORED OFF DUNROBIN CASTLE

DRAWN BY EDUARDO DE MARTINO, M.V.O., MARINE PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO THE KING



## Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

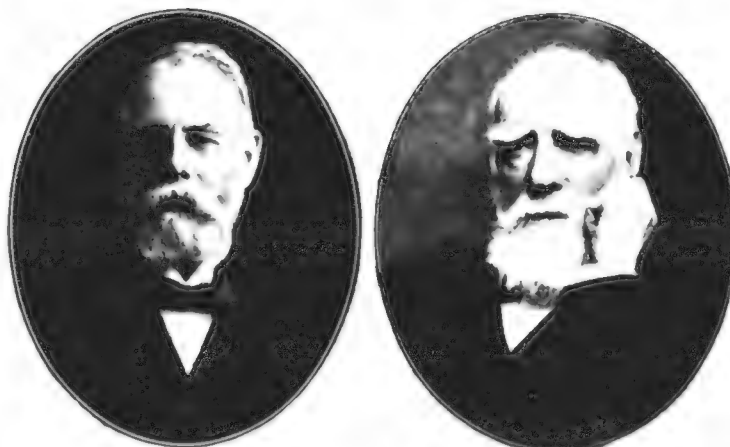
THE King's birthday—November the 9th—falls this year on a Sunday, and will be celebrated, therefore, on the Saturday which precedes it. There is an impression that the Birthday Honours' List will on this occasion be exceptionally large. The medical men and surgeons who have attended His Majesty during his illness will certainly not be ignored, for it must not be forgotten that the honours some of them received in June were bestowed upon them for services which they had rendered the King previous to the operation. Mr. Arthur Balfour will, of course, avail himself of this opportunity to reward certain politicians who have from an early date forwarded his interests, whilst others of his supporters will have to be remembered. It is believed that a few names will be added to the list of the Order of Merit, and that the new members will be Lord Cromer, Mr. Swinburne, Lord Avebury—better known as Sir John Lubbock—and Miss Florence Nightingale.

Lord Cromer is unquestionably the finest administrator of the day, and he would have been a distinguished man at any period, even in the midst of the great men who were clustered together in former times. Mr. Swinburne is far and away the best poet we have, though the music of his poetry is its chief recommendation. He will rank high eventually amongst the poets of the race, and it is unreasonable that in these tolerant days his genius should be ignored because his political opinions have been unorthodox. Lord Avebury needs no description. In character and in ability he stands out amongst his contemporaries, and his work has already won him his peerage.

Miss Florence Nightingale was the pioneer of the modern nursing system. For many years this heroine of the Fifties has lived in retirement, and she is now surrounded by a generation which knows little of her and her exploits. Nevertheless, Miss Nightingale is the Grand Old Woman of the period, and no Englishwoman deserves better to be admitted into the Order of Merit. That, however, raises the point which the authorities concerned with the matter appear to have left undecided—to wit, Are women to be eligible for the distinction? There is no obvious reason for closing the gates of this intellectual paradise against them, and, indeed, it would be injudicious to do so in these days when women are making such great efforts. Those who have access to the best information in this direction assert that His Majesty is in favour of including women in the Order, and if that report be correct, there is good reason for expecting that Miss Florence Nightingale will be the first female on whom the distinction will be conferred.

Some are convinced that His Majesty is disposed to round off the incomplete Coronation ceremonies on the occasion of his forthcoming birthday. It has been observed that many of the platforms erected for the use of officials and their friends in June have not been removed, and it is obvious that if these are left standing it is with a purpose. Saturday, November 8, would be an excellent day for the King to proceed in state to St. Paul's to attend a thanksgiving service in connection with his recovery. It would also be a suitable day for His Majesty to make the Royal "Progress" through London, which had to be postponed on account of his illness. It is to be hoped that the decision in this matter will be communicated to the public at an early date, for a long procession through the streets of London must affect many interests, both directly and indirectly, especially as it is understood that such a pageant would traverse some of the poor districts.

There are those, specialists in the matter, who declare that a smallpox epidemic continues for two years, dying out almost in the



LORD MOUNT-STEPHEN

LORD STRATHCONA

Who have given 10,000*l.* a year to King Edward's Hospital Fund

H.M.S. "CRESCENT," THE ESCORT OF THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT"

summer months, and reviving as the cold returns. If that prediction is fulfilled, the epidemic will be alive again in November, and the possibility of its being so should be taken into account before the King decides the question which has been discussed in the previous paragraph. It would be obviously unwise to cause the gathering together of vast crowds in London whilst a smallpox

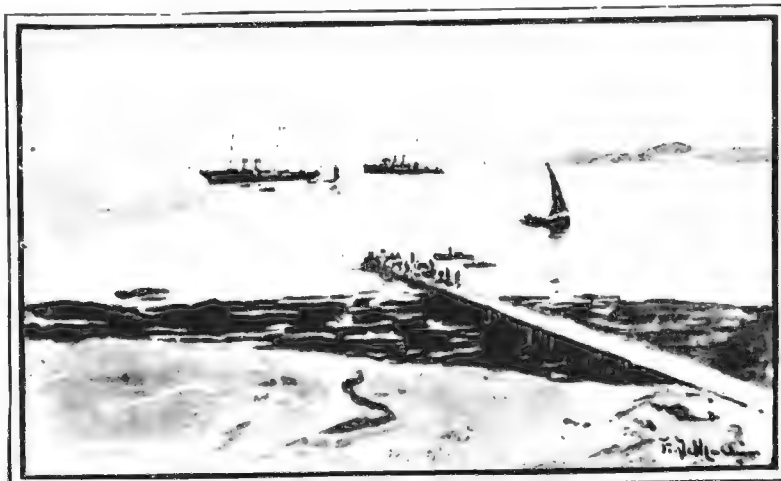
epidemic is either raging or reviving, and it would also be injudicious to attract to the town thousands from the provinces, who, on their return home, might possibly carry the contagion with them.

The young element in the House of Commons—if the conversation of some of the leading members of that section amounts to anything—contemplates a brisk campaign in the adjourned session. The "young men in a hurry" perceive, or affect to perceive, discord in the Ministerial ranks, and hope to advance their own interests by taking advantage of the opportunity. There is much immature talent in some of these young members, and to the onlooker their efforts to come prematurely to the front will be entertaining. For that reason it is to be hoped that the conversational threats will be carried out.

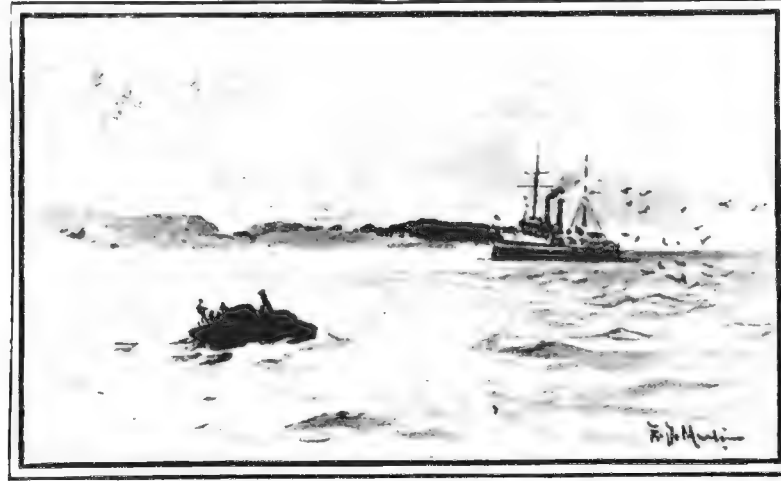
Paris has completely fascinated the Shah. His Majesty was so loth to leave that he delayed his departure this week for two days. He delighted in driving about among the people, and was much entertained by meeting a wedding party in the Bois, where he was having some refreshment at a kiosk. He personally congratulated the bride, and presented her with a Persian gold pin bearing his effigy. He was also charmed with the Jardin des Plantes, where he took the same keen interest in the snakes as at our own Zoo. Every night he either went to the theatre or circus, or had a variety entertainment in the hotel. One important event was his investiture with the Order of the Golden Fleece, sent over by Alphonso XIII., under the charge of a special Embassy. An expert in jewellery, the Shah closely examined the insignia before he was invested with the Collar of the Order. In return His Majesty gave the Envoys the Order of the Lion and Sun, and entertained them at a State banquet, where, contrary to Persian custom, he sat at the same table with his guests. His Majesty has also exchanged visits with the Khedive, who is now in Paris.

## Two Donors to King Edward's Hospital Fund

LORD MOUNT-STEPHEN and Lord Strathcona have set aside a sum as an endowment to King Edward's Hospital Fund which at present produces 16,000*l.* a year, and which is likely to increase in value. Both of the donors of this princely gift have been prominently connected with affairs in Canada, and both began life in an exceedingly humble way. Lord Mount-Stephen went to the Dominion in 1850, and became a director, and subsequently, vice-president and president of the Bank of Montreal. He then devoted his energies to the development of Canadian railways, and was for a time president of the St. Paul and Manitoba Railway, and afterwards head of the Canadian-Pacific. He received the honour of baronetcy in 1886, and was made first Baron Mount-Stephen in 1891. Lord Strathcona spent his early days in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company, and also took a large part in Canadian railway development. On his return to England he became High Commissioner for Canada, a post he has filled with considerable distinction for six years. Lord Strathcona, who has been Lord Rector of Aberdeen University since 1899, was created a K.C.M.G. in 1886, and was raised to the peerage in 1897. This is not the first time Lord Strathcona and Lord Mount-Stephen have been associated with works of splendid charity. To commemorate Queen Victoria's Jubilee they built a hospital for Montreal in 1886 at a cost of 200,000*l.*, and afterwards gave 160,000*l.* for its maintenance. Lord Strathcona gave 80,000*l.* to the McGill University of the same city. When the war broke out he raised the mounted corps of Canadians called Strathcona's Horse for the service of the Empire, and paid all expenses, which would be at least 200,000*l.* Lord Strathcona also gave 25,000*l.* for the extension of Marischal College, Aberdeen, and Lord Mount-Stephen gave an equal sum to the Royal Infirmary, where he once received treatment. Lord Mount-Stephen also gave a hospital and established a system of old age pensions in his native district of Banffshire. Our portraits are by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.



THEIR MAJESTIES RETURNING TO THE ROYAL YACHT FROM DUNROBIN CASTLE



HIS MAJESTY GOING TO PAY A VISIT TO H.M.S. "CRESCENT" OFF DUNNET HEAD

THE CRUISE OF THE KING AND QUEEN

DRAWN BY EDUARDO DE MARTINO, M.V.O., MARINE PAINTER IN ORDINARY TO THE KING



DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.

THE CRUISE OF THE KING AND QUEEN: THE RETURN OF HIS MAJESTY FROM A DEER DRIVE AT KINLOCHMORE TO





FROM A SKETCH BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.

IS MAJESTY FROM A DEER DRIVE AT KINLOCHMORE TO THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," ANCHORED IN LOCH LEVEN



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF LIEUT.-GENERAL R. S. BADEN-POWELL  
From a Photograph by R. C. E. Nissen, Pretoria

## Evictions on the De Freyne Estate

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

EVICCTIONS are still proceeding on the estate of Lord De Freyne in Counties Roscommon and Mayo. A very large number of the tenants, of whom there are over seventeen hundred altogether, have paid their rents, but a considerable proportion still cling to the "combination" which was formed in November last. The United Irish League "organiser," Mr. Denis Johnston, who has been stationed in the district for nearly a year past, is still there. He has been present at most if not all of the evictions, while

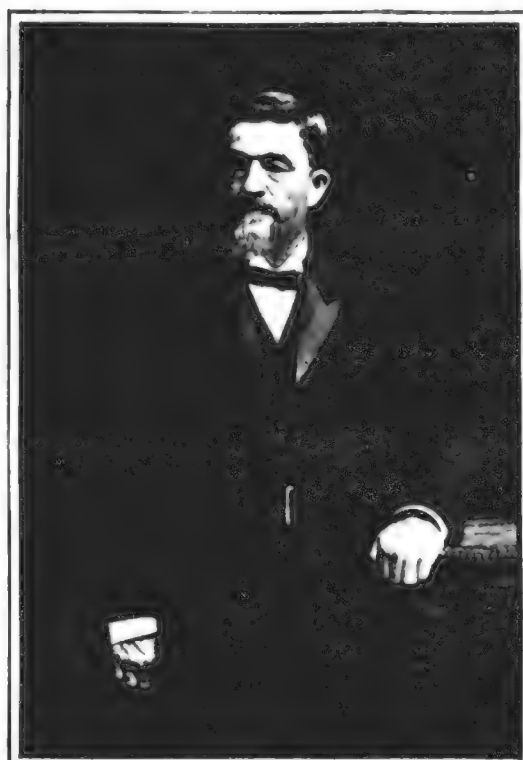
prominent among the spectators at the more recent evictions has been Mr. John Fitzgibbon, one of the leaders in the agitation on Lord De Freyne's estate. Mr. Fitzgibbon is a draper in Castlereagh, County Roscommon, and is Chairman of the Roscommon County Council. He has really no personal interest in the estate, but is an active Nationalist politician, and from the outset has identified himself with the agitation. He is a trustee of the "Tenants' Defence Fund," and was imprisoned for inciting the tenants not to pay their rents. He was only recently released, after having been in gaol for four months.

The holdings are so scattered that the number of evictions in one day is always very small—seldom more than three or four. There is always a large contingent of constabulary—numbering from sixty to a hundred. These meet at some central spot, such as Frenchpark, or Loughglenn, and accompany the sheriff or his deputy, the bailiffs, Lord De Freyne's agent, and the emergency-men to the various holdings. Some of the constables are on cars, while others ride bicycles, and it is a strange sight to see the long line proceeding along a quiet country road, or through the bog-land. Such a display of force may, to some, appear unnecessary, but, while as yet there has been no serious disturbance at any of the evictions on the estate, there have been incidents which have shown the necessity for the constables. The police have a most disagreeable duty to perform, and come in for a great deal of opprobrium—most undeserved opprobrium. They are hooted and groaned, and abominable epithets are in some cases hurled at them. But in the midst, often, of great provocation, they exhibit the utmost forbearance.

Arrived at the scene of an eviction the house is quickly cleared of its furniture and its occupants. And it is only fair to say that the furniture—it is a pitiful little heap sometimes—is removed with much care by those upon whom the unpleasant duty devolves. When the house is empty possession is formally given by the sheriff to the representative of the landlord. Possession of the land is also formally given as soon as the stock—if there be any—has been cleared off. Sometimes the pathetic nature of the proceedings is relieved by ludicrous incidents, and such incidents frequently occur where animals have to be driven away. At Corthoom Beg, for example, Widow Winifred Morrisroe's goat declined to be evicted, and for a time defied all the efforts of the bailiff and his assistants to drive it off the holding. At another place a pig behaved with the proverbial obstinacy of its species, and at others cattle showed great reluctance to be subjected to the eviction process.

Once the eviction is over, emergency-men are placed in the house to look after it and the holding, and a couple of armed constables are left to guard them. Needless to say, these emergency-men are rigidly boycotted.

In December last Lord De Freyne offered to accept a year's rent from his tenants, but this offer was disregarded. At that time the legal costs were comparatively small, but owing to the action of the United Irish League in getting the tenants to enter appearance in the legal proceedings which were taken by Lord De Freyne, the



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF GENERAL DE WET  
From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street

costs are now very considerable, amounting in most cases to 40% or thereby. Several of the tenants who had been evicted offered at the last moment to pay their rents, but declined to pay any costs. Of course had they paid in November last there would have been no costs; but instead of this they joined the combination and have landed themselves in their present difficulties. Few of them seriously pretend that they could not pay. Besides, if they had asked for time they would, in all probability, have got it. Lord De Freyne has the reputation of having been a considerate landlord, and of having granted time to tenants when they asked for it. But those who joined the combination did not go near either him or his agent.

It is a significant fact that those tenants who have most to lose



DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THE LAND WAR IN IRELAND: AN EVICTION ON THE DE FREYNE ESTATE







IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING: A SCENE ON THE T  
DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I.





ENING: A SCENE ON THE THAMES IN THE REGATTA SEASON

DRAWN BY W. HATHERELL, R.I





are paying up—some of them at the last minute. Thus on the eviction party going to the holding of Mary Hanly, at Rathkeery, not far from the town of Ballaghaderreen, the tenant settled. This was by far the best holding and the best house visited that day. The house was a substantial, two-story building, roofed with slates very different from the thatched cabins visited earlier in the same day. But even in this case the tenant has made a terrible sacrifice by listening to the agitators and joining the combination. Her rent for the twenty-six acres she occupied was 15*l.* 10*s.* Two years' were due, and have been paid. The law costs amount to about 4*l.*, the result of having joined the combination and entered appearance in Court, and half have been paid, and a bill granted for the other half. But besides all this the tenant has thrown away her tenant right—a valuable asset. Moreover, it is understood that, like other tenants, she paid 5*s.* per 1*l.* of her rent into the "Tenants' Defence Fund." Not one penny of this will she ever see. And she might have settled with Lord de Freyne in November last by paying 15*l.* 10*s.*! Her case, unfortunately, is typical of others. And even more pitiable is that of the unhappy victims of the agitation who have lost their homesteads.

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THERE is such an influx of people visiting and staying in Scotland at this season, that dress for the Highlands becomes an important question. The *délicate*, the woman who is always well dressed, because she is always appropriately dressed, takes nothing with her but clothes suitable to the conditions under which she is about to live. She discards muslins, chiffons, all the fragile, diaphanous and lovely fabrics she has looked a dream in during the summer, and she invests in tweeds, serges and homespuns. These, by the addition of muslin, lace and silk blouses and pretty ties, can always be softened and embellished. The difficulty is that no one standard is accepted for every visit. For instance, the Inverness, the Perth and the Ayr meetings require full dress, almost London dress, ball and smart evening gowns. Then for the deerstalking visit tea-gowns are most appropriate wear, and guests grumble dreadfully if they dine late after a hard day and have to appear in *décolleté* garments and full evening garb. The late Lord Dudley was most particular on this point, even in a Highland shooting-box. Headgear requires consideration also. Smart hats are no good at all; as a rule, straw sailors, Tam-o'-Shanters and little golfing caps tone best with tweeds and serges. Very pretty is this style of cap on a young face, and the shape can be so varied as almost to suit everyone's features. It is this constant variety of garb which involves so much expense and increases the quantity of luggage to be taken.

How rarely does one hear people quote poetry! The love of reading aloud and learning verse seems almost to have deserted society. I suppose it is the quantity of novels women read which has destroyed their taste for poetry; anyway, it is rare enough to find anyone not only fond of, but actually quoting from, any of the works of our poets. This fact was brought forcibly to my notice lately, when drifting over the smooth waters of a lake on a still and beautiful summer's evening, someone raised the question. Only one of the party knew a line of verse suitable to the occasion, and she, once fairly started, recited canto after canto of Byron's poems, and Gray's Elegy, all of which seemed specially appropriate to the scene. One felt that even the most nicely adjusted of prose-writings could not have fitted in with the moment—the calm beauty of the hills with their purple lights, the close of day, and the meditative mood of every one. Music and poetry seem essentially intended for beautiful surroundings, eloquent verse and sublime

thought are their fit comrades when neither ordinary speech nor prose blend with the sentiments around.

"Should women be actresses?" is the question asked this month in one of the magazines of the leading ladies on the stage. One and all say yes. But is the question quite fair? Can one who has tasted success and reached the top of the ladder, who has perhaps known little or no adversity, be quite the best person to advise? At any rate, as nobody ever takes good advice, it is improbable that the sage utterances of these ladies will either encourage or deter the aspirant to the stage, provided she has the sacred fire and the ambition without which no theatrical career can hope to be successful. Granted that a woman has looks, intelligence, and



A CAPTURED BALENICEPS REX

aspirations, she will invariably turn to the stage, which offers the richest prizes as her reward.

In a table of the wages earned by women I find the rate and hours of work run thus:—Barmaids, fourteen to eighteen hours a day, ten to fifteen shillings a week; inferior typists, a more refined and better educated class, eight hours a day, wages ten to fifteen shillings a week; clerks, with foreign correspondence, presumably having enjoyed a superior education, eight hours a day, twenty to thirty-five shillings a week; ballet dancers, no limit of time, five shillings to five pounds; chorus singers, no hour limit, fifteen shillings to two pounds; actresses, no time limit, twelve shillings to 100*l.* a week. The time limit in the case of a successful play meaning only the evening, and leaving the actress free to write, study, or amuse herself all day. After this one cannot wonder that every ludding girl who treads the stage feels herself capable of fitting in to some niche or other in the temple of fame.

Lady Florence Dixie has written an eloquent letter on behalf of the child workers of America. There it seems that juvenile labour in the Southern States forms a constant item in the work of the mines and factories, that children of five and six years old, up to fifteen, are condemned to toil for twelve or more hours at a stretch, so that young people of fifteen look only worn and pitiable cases of stunted growth. Weakly physique and mental and moral deterioration, when not followed by death and disease, are the result. That little children should thus suffer, losing all the joy and liberty of youth, is in itself a terrible indictment against a nation, and when this labour is utilised in the cause of wealth it becomes a crying scandal and a deadly sin.

Earrings are rising daily in feminine estimation. A few years ago the wearing of them was stigmatised as barbarous. Now the majority of people believe them to be conducive to good sight, and the remainder consider them an effective ornament, drawing attention to the beauty of the wearer. Jewish women, and foreigners generally, always wear diamond drops in their ears, which give a brilliancy and finish to their appearance. A few amateurs adopt gipsy earrings, which suit some faces. Our mothers' earrings were very long and heavy, and would scarcely be suitable to our more athletic generation. But small earrings, diamonds, pearls or turquoise drops, certainly add to the piquancy of a pretty face.

House books or albums kept wherein to write the names of visitors are an agreeable and interesting memorial for the host. In almost all large houses they exist, and sometimes contain the most amusing pictures and caricatures or verses. Merely to write one's name is no effort, but in some places the visitors' book proves a perfect torture. At Raby Castle, in the late Duke's time, you were expected to write all kinds of sentiments, to give your opinion on the cook and the management of the establishment, and on many things about which most people would prefer to keep silence.

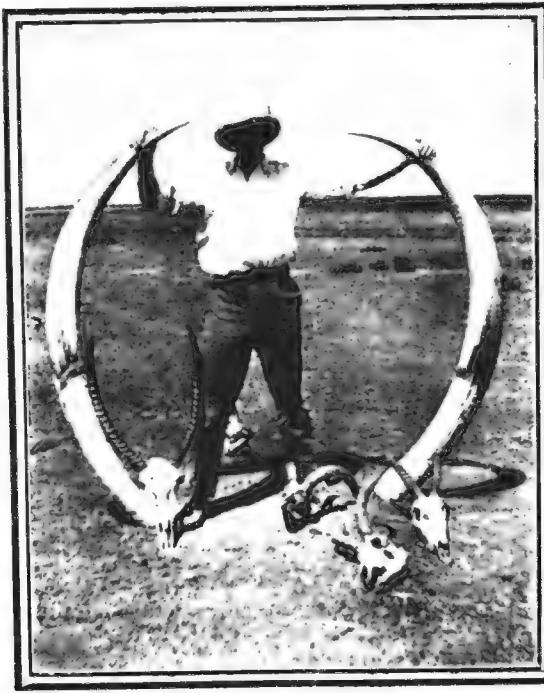
The latest profession for ladies is that of pavement artist. A neatly dressed lady is to be found at Hamstead who draws scenes on the pavement, and, we may suppose, will earn an excellent living, leading on to better achievements. At any rate prompt recognition on the part of the public is thus secured.

## Fashoda of To-day

It will be four years ago in a few days since Lord Kitchener, after routing the Khalifa at Omdurman, reached Fashoda and found the French Captain Marchand with 120 Senegalese soldiers entrenched there and the French flag flying. The matter had to be settled by diplomacy. It was not the mere possession or loss of that marshy spot that mattered; it was the question whether or not a rival Power should step in by a back door to a territory which dominated the all-important Nile. It is an old story now that France abandoned the claim to the place, and the incident was closed, but not without a good deal of bitterness being left behind in France. Fashoda is now being garrisoned by Egyptian troops, and the country round is perfectly quiet and peaceful. The inhabitants of the district are Shilluks, a fine black race, of imposing stature, as may be seen by our illustrations. These men welcomed British protection from the first, and are content with the Anglo-Egyptian government of their district. The country affords good sport in the way of big game. One of the illustrations shows a *Balaeniceps Rex*, or shoe-bill, a Central African heron with a large and quaintly shaped bill. This bird is found in the district, and the one photographed was the first to be caught alive. It was quite happy in captivity and became very tame. Two young ones were subsequently taken. Very few specimens exist in European museums.



A TALL SHILLUK AND AN EGYPTIAN OFFICIAL



TROPHIES OF THE GUN



SHILLUKS AT TEWFIKYAH

## RANDOM SNAPSHOTS IN THE FASHODA DISTRICT

From Photographs by Major A. Blewitt



"TIZIANELLA"

FROM THE PAINTING BY JUANA ROMANT, EXHIBITED IN THE PARIS SALON





These hounds, which hunt the country round Pretoria, were imported from England during the present year to replace the buckhounds sent out by the King in 1901, most of which succumbed during the hot weather to South African dog sickness, a kind of very virulent distemper which attacks canines of all ages in South Africa. The pack consists of fifteen couple of working hounds, and has shown great

sport. The country is mostly rough and hilly, the rocks being a great trial to hounds' feet and also to horses, to say nothing of the nerves. Scent, which is most uncertain, is generally good on the hills, but the low ground and flats seldom carry it, even after rain. Buck and Jack are the legitimate quarry, both of which go to ground if much pushed. Our photograph is by R. C. E. Nissen, Pretoria

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: GENERAL ALDERSON'S HOUNDS AT PRETORIA

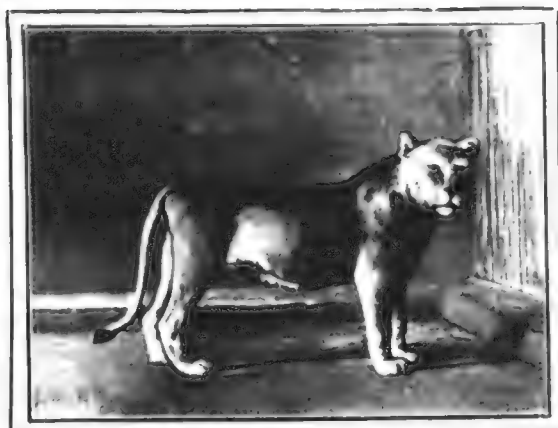


Berlin glories in one institution which no other city in the world has succeeded in imitating, viz., the *Weiss-Bier Stube*. White beer is a particularly light kind of beer, brewed only in Berlin; it is effervescent, and therefore frequently spoken of as the people's champagne, and its slight acidity renders it an excellent thirst quencher. It contains but a very small percentage of alcohol, and is fattening. It is considered to lose its flavour if it is drunk from anything but the formidable glass bowls which look as

if they were intended to be passed round the table, and every genuine *Weiss-Bier* drinker always has by his side a little glass of liqueur to aid digestion. The genuine old-fashioned Berliner, quiet, sociable, unassuming, supremely contented with the position in life in which it has pleased God to place him, is still best seen sitting at the beautifully scoured oak tables peacefully increasing his adipose tissue with the aid of his cherished *Weiss*.

THE WEISS-BIER STUBE: A TIME-HONOURED INSTITUTION IN BERLIN

DRAWN BY F. KASKELINE



A LIONESS POSING FOR HER PORTRAIT

### "Chance, the Idol"

BY W. MOY THOMAS

THE spectacle of "Beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness" is, as the poet Spenser tells us, peculiarly distressing; but if beauty is to win sympathy for its sorrows, it should be accompanied by a reasonable share of self-respect and womanly instincts, nor should it be wanting in every vestige of common sense. Unfortunately, Ellen Farndon, the heroine of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's new play at WYNDHAM'S Theatre, is sadly lacking in these old-fashioned attributes. She has listened to the promises of a pitiful scoundrel named Leversage, who, after leading her to ruin, has for two years coolly abandoned her with her infant child, while he spends his time amid idle and frivolous friends at Monte Carlo, partly in fortune-hunting, and partly in frequenting the gaming-tables. So far her sin might at least awaken pity; but it is less easy to sympathise with her schemes for improving the position of affairs. By the death of a relative, Ellen Farndon suddenly finds herself in possession of a small fortune, and having heard that Leversage's gambling propensities have brought him to the end of his means, she resolves to seek him out and offer to pay his debts, in the hope that he may be thereby induced to offer her marriage. Leversage, though he protests that he is "not such a cad" as to "take money from a woman," appears not indisposed to accept this assistance. But a difficulty arises; the lady's fortune is insufficient for its objects. Thereupon Ellen determines to try her luck at the gaming tables. In vain does Mr. Cyril Ryves, a worthy half-paralysed gentleman of the little circle, offer her good advice. She obstinately prefers to rely on the directions of Madame Esperanza, an impudent fortune-teller and swindler, and the result appears to justify her preference, for Ellen wins large sums, which enable her to indulge in recklessly expensive dresses and other extravagancies. Nor does the little circle in the Casino Palace Hotel delay to take her into favour, not forgetting Leversage's relative, Lady Mary Nowell, who is constantly expressing a hope that "some arrangement" may be come to. But as will be expected, there comes "a frost—a killing frost." Ellen's luck turns, she persists, and lo! her store of gold and notes vanishes in a night. Then Leversage and other fair-weather friends fall off. Ellen adopts the philosophy of the faithful Ryves, and determines to "bear it," seeking consolation in her love for her child. *Chance, the Idol* is curiously wanting in what are known as "situations." Very little happens throughout its four acts beyond what is indicated in the above brief sketch. Miss Lena Ashwell, powerful emotional actress though she is, could not enlist the sympathy of her audience in Ellen Farndon's silly and humiliating infatuation. Mr. Graham Browne's Leversage deserves credit as a clever sketch of character of an unsympathetic kind. Cyril Ryves, which may be described as a Wyndham part, was very impressively played by Mr. H. V. Esmond, and Miss Winifred Arthur Jones won great favour in the incidental part of Douce Kennett, a skittish young lady with a playful spirit of banter and a marked hankering after the excitements of "the tables."

*Naughty Nancy*, produced at the SAVOY Theatre, will owe any success it attains to the energetic and ever-popular Kitty Loftus, who, long ago won herself a high place in the esteem of the great public which loves musical farce. Of the merits of the play itself it is impossible to speak very highly. The author of the libretto, Mr. Oliver Bath, shows little or no originality, but the music, which is the joint work of Mr. Ralph E.

Lyon and Mr. Walter Davidson, is good and has many taking airs. The cast includes Miss Evelyn, Miss Gladys Homfrey, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, and Mr. Cyril Jones. The last mentioned, is a clearly marked character.

*Three Little Maids*, last produced at the Adelphi, has now been transferred to the PRINCE OF WALES'S, and the transference is signified by several changes in the cast. Miss Ada Reeve now appears as the gayest and brightest of the trio of damsels, a part originally designed for her, and one to which her temperament is admirably fitted. Miss Edna May is away holiday-making and her place is taken by Miss Delia Mason, a young and charming actress who gives full effect to the demure coquetry of the part. Miss Hilda Moody is still in her place as the third little maid, and continues to delight with her rendering of the popular "Miller's Daughter." Mr. G. P. Huntley has worked up the humours of his part, and his guardsman is now certainly one of the funniest things to be seen on the stage, while Miss Lottie Vennor, Mr. George Carroll and Mr. Maurice Farkot are excellent in their old parts.

Miss Nance O'Neil, to whose performance of Magda we referred last week, has now substituted for that character Camille in the play more generally known as *La Dame aux Camélias*. Miss O'Neil as Camille, otherwise Margaret Gaudier, is handsome and attractive, and plays with some power. Mr. McKee Rankin is excellent in the unsympathetic part of the elder Duval.



AN ELAND BULL

### The late Mr. Rhodes's Menagerie

ONE of the features of the late Cecil Rhodes's famous estate, Groote Schuur, which he bequeathed to the Cape as a residence for future Cape Premiers, was the menagerie. The grounds of the house extend some way up the slopes of Table Mountain, and comprise open park land, wood land planted with oak, beech, pines, and undergrowth, and then, as you mount higher, a belt of the shimmering grey silver-trees peculiar to the slopes of Table Mountain. Here and there, too, come open glades or wide rock strewn stretches of flowering protea and heaths and the aromatic bush common at the Cape; with highest of all and near the steeper krantzes and the toppling wall of crags, nothing but firs. Much of all this, says Mr. Edmund Garrett, who visited it in Mr. Rhodes's lifetime, "shows no trace of man's hand, except the made roads driven through it, like those of a German forest. Along such a road you may catch a glimpse of a stately koodoo or some other of the graceful vanishing antelopes of Africa; a moment he stands statue-like, gazing at the intruder over his shoulder, before plunging into the adjoining brake. Or an enormous eland, mild-eyed as a pet Alderney on a home farm, comes nuzzling up, or you find yourself, rather dubiously, among a sniffing, curious troop of zebras, their sleek pelts as vividly striped as a football jersey. Only those animals which threaten man or each other run in enclosures; the rest roam at will. Once Mr. Rhodes himself came to the rescue of a guest attacked by a small but pugnacious buck. Once a rash stranger, who climbed a seven-foot fence to gather mushrooms, was nearly disembowelled by an angry gnu."

Anyone and everyone had access to Groote Schuur. It was freely shared with the public, with the result that the estate became the holiday resort of the Cape Town masses, who, like the "masses" in all countries, ill requited the privilege given them. They maimed or destroyed valuable animals, and they threw stones at the lions until Mr. Rhodes had network put up to protect them. The menagerie at one time contained specimens of nearly all the rarer South African animals. The smaller animals, such as antelopes, were not confined in cages, but were permitted to range in freedom

over a considerable tract of land carefully railed in. It was from this menagerie, by the way, that the lioness which Mr. Rhodes sent to Kruger was taken. It will be remembered that the Transvaal President returned the gift of Mr. Rhodes with some show of indignation, and the animal found its way to our Zoological Gardens, where it has settled down very quietly, for it is very tame and friendly. The lions at Groote Schuur, to quote Mr. Garrett, once furnished Mr. Rhodes with an excuse for veering round on the question of free trade. It was known he would have to make what is called a "curve" in the matter of duties on meat, and curiosity was rife as to how he would do it. Addressing a crowded Cape Town meeting he said, "I have just had brought home to me the scarcity in meat. I went up to look at my lions, and I asked the keeper what they stood me in for meat. I was astonished to find it had risen to 250*l.* a year. Well, gentlemen, I am not a family man; but this made me think. I rode a little farther round the mountain, and saw this city spread below me, and I said to myself: 'There are all these people with families to feed, and they are finding out with their families what I have found out with my lions.' So the meat duty disappeared, and someone in the crowd cynically remarked, 'If we could teach these brutes of his to eat corn, we might get rid of the grain duty too.'"



A QUAGGA



A PAIR OF KUDOOES

SPECIMENS IN THE LATE CECIL RHODES'S COLLECTION OF ANIMALS AT GROOTE SCHUUR

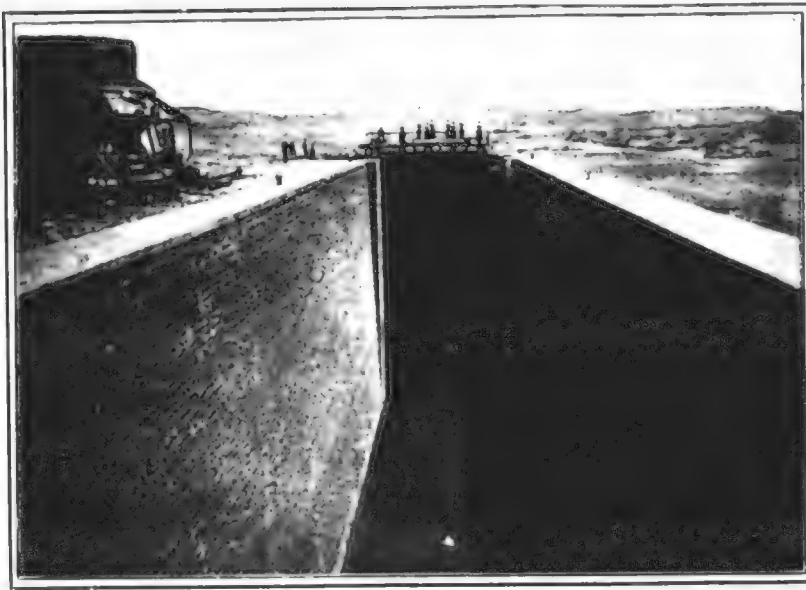






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## HARNESSING THE NILE. SCENES AT ASSUAN

## Our Bookshelf

## "THE CONQUEST OF CHARLOTTE"

GRAMMARIANS will perceive a pleasing ambiguity in the title of Mr. David S. Meldrum's novel (Blackwood and Sons). Is the proposition "of" to be taken in a subjective or in an objective sense—in untechnical language, is Charlotte the Conqueror or the Conquered? It takes close on four hundred unusually full pages to leave the question undetermined. Charlotte overcomes the mean and paltry pride of her half-hearted lover; and she in turn is conquered by his tardy decision to take her for herself, despite family connections which were certainly not such as a respectable young Scottish lawyer would choose to make his own. On the other hand, that scamp of genius, Rab Cook, though eminently undesirable as a father-in-law, is the very life of the story. The novel is of the comfortably diffuse and disconnected sort that is at its best when taken from month to month in magazine portions, or at any rate, if read as a whole, enjoyed at ample leisure. It is clever—probably the reader in a hurry will be inclined to call it too clever; and unless he himself hails from the kingdom of Fife, may feel the want of a glossary and a dictionary of local allusions. But let him only take his time and all will be more than well.

## "MISS CHESTERTON'S DECISION"

Mr. Philip Treherne, the author of "Miss Chesterton's Decision" (T. Fisher Unwin), is by way of being a mildly amusing satirist at the expense of such obvious game as fortune-hunters, flighty young matrons, and charity bazaars. The comedy is rendered as life-like as possible by the avoidance of anything that can properly be called a story, and by making its characters representatives of familiar types rather than claimants of personal interest or sympathy. That, indeed, is the merit of the novel. Its weak point is the suggestion of the old question whether everything in life is worth reproducing in fiction.

## "A DUCHESS IN DIFFICULTIES"

"A Story of Modern Manners" is the descriptive sub-title given by Major Arthur Griffiths to "A Duchess in Difficulties" (F. V. White and Co.). It is thus pleasing to learn that the melodramatic villain is not, as many people imagine, a mere chimera of fancy, and that stage-farces are truer to real life than even their authors presumably suppose. The persecution of the young and beautiful Duchess of Dee by Domenico Imossi, that "glib, smooth-spoken slippery scoundrel, with the polished exterior and self-possessed air of an English gentleman, and within him a heart as black as any owned by the brigands, bravos, or lazzaroni from whom he traced a

direct descent"—this, with its consequent puss-in-the-corner business, is certainly calculated to give posterity a singular notion of the "manners" current at the opening of the twentieth century. However, Major Griffiths knows how to mystify even contemporary readers, and to keep them in a state of wonder as to what can possibly happen next; and, though the feat is far from difficult, it is sufficient recommendation for this or any other story—so far as it goes.

## "THE PASSION OF MAHAEL"

The story told by Lilian Bowen-Rowlands (T. Fisher Unwin) is one of those tragedies that gain in force from the sordidness of their accessories and the narrowness of their stage. A tragedy it must certainly be called, inasmuch as the final victory of passion is won over the whole of the man's duty and the whole of the woman's better nature. Mahael Roche, a young Pembrokeshire fisherman, has been weak enough to let his mother persuade him into marrying a well-off young woman while his whole heart and soul belonged to his first sweetheart, Phoebe Waters; and hers no less to him. Sympathy with so poor a creature as Mahael, strong in nothing but desire, is out of the question; but plenty of it will be found for poor Phoebe, in her long self-conflict, before she finally yields, less to temptation than to despair. The authoress has wisely refrained

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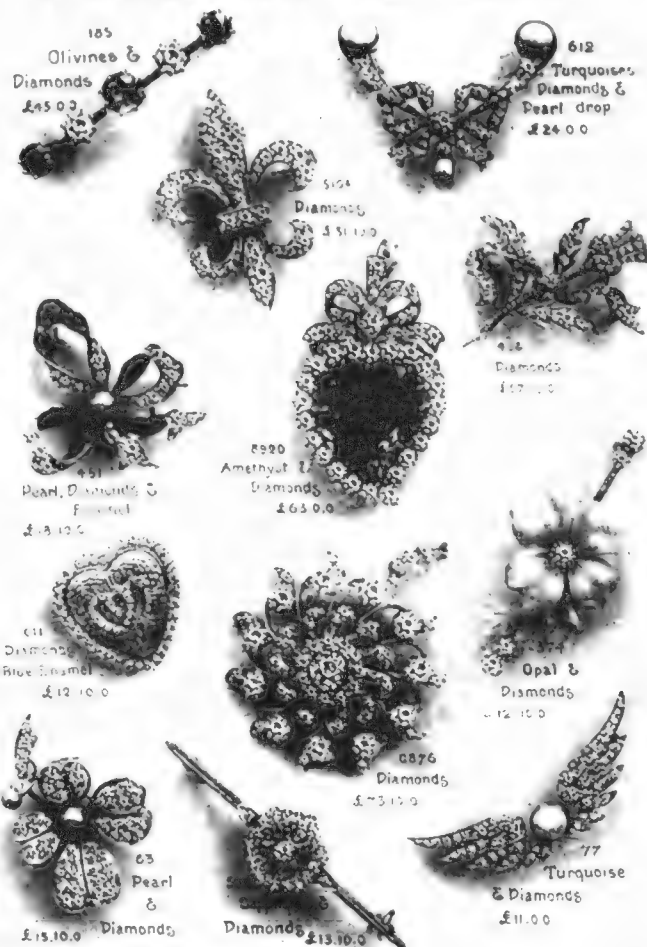
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## A MOTOR FOR AGRICULTURISTS

from following her characters into their future lives; she would have done more wisely still—we think—and certainly more mercifully with a tragic close in the more conventional sense of the term. Like almost every novel of presumably Welsh authorship dealing with Welsh life and character, it is almost morbidly deficient in humour—a formidable fault in a long story, at any rate in Saxon eyes. But anybody who is content with consistent strength, whether in portraiture or in description, will be unquestionably satisfied with all that he will find.

## "SPLENDID MOURNING"

Mr. Cranston Metcalfe, the author of "Splendid Mourning" (Ward, Lock and Co.), has been happy in his choice of a subject, with which, if we mistake not, he has had special opportunities for becoming acquainted. Considering the immense number of women engaged in the great novel-making industry, and the probably larger number of those who are attempting to engage in it, a book concerning them should be able to count upon no ordinary circulation. His professional, and still more his would-be professional, readers will find it well worthy of their attention, even though it may not altogether please them to find a sharp distinction drawn between their output and literature, or appreciate his half tone of contempt for them and for all their works and ways. The more serious side of his story is less satisfactory. His Edith Glanville, who takes to fiction out of sheer vanity, and, being rich, beautiful

and charming, succeeds with ease, is supposed to have paid her married happiness as the price of a worthless fame. But one feels pretty sure that when her lack of sympathy has driven her husband into becoming Attorney-General, as seems likely to be the case, and when she has sown her literary wild-oats, they will not find that they have made such a bad thing of their lives after all. In his portrait of Archibald Merrick, the lady-killing publisher's adviser, who thinks he is trading on his clients' vanity when they are trading on his, Mr. Metcalfe has, it may be presumed, given his fancy a little extra play. On the whole, the work will leave the general reader under the impression that the lady who intends to win real distinction by having "She never wrote a Novel" engraved upon her tombstone, is wise.

## THE "ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA"

The new volumes of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" are following one another with most praiseworthy speed. Volume XXIX., the fifth in the new series (GLA to JUT), opens with a prefatory essay by Mr. Benjamin Kidd on "The Application of the Doctrine of Evolution to Sociological Theory and Problem." Mr. Kidd in recent years has attained some considerable fame as a philosopher, but his essay is by no means one of the most interesting of those which have prefaced these new volumes, though it is a careful review of the influence of Darwinism on social problems. The principal countries which come in for elaborate treatises this time are Japan,

Jamaica, Italy, Holland, India, and Greece. "Glass-making and Golf" are fully dealt with; "General Gordon" has a careful biography, together with "Huxley" and the late "King Humbert." "Gun-making" and "Gunnery or Ballistics" say the latest word on all important topics, while among contributions which will be caviare to the general, but doubtless interesting enough to mathematical experts, may be mentioned "Gyroscope and Gyrostat" and "Interpolation." The chapter on "Insurance" would make a small but exhaustive volume. Among the illustrations, the reproductions of the work of Japanese artists are perhaps the most remarkable from an artistic point of view, though the countless diagrammatic drawings interspersed through the scientific articles have perhaps a greater use. To write anything in the nature of a real review of one of these volumes would need, in space, something approaching a whole number of THE GRAPHIC, so wide is the range of subject in each, and so admirable is the manner in which the last word of the latest and greatest authority on each and every topic is put before the reader. One can but indicate the general scope of the matter. There is this, though, about the publication, that while it supplies information for the advanced student, it is yet in countless places profoundly interesting to the ordinary person of mere average intelligence. You turn over pages of abstruse mathematical calculations to stumble upon some charming literary biography or natural history essay, and whether for reference or for quiet reading the book is an indispensable publication.

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## Officers' Expenses

BY HORACE WYNDELL

THE military atmosphere is heavy just now with discussions concerning "officers' expenses." Round the smoking room fires of the Service clubs and at the mess-tables in barracks all over the Empire the subject is being thrashed out from every point of view. As may be imagined, the opinions thus elicited are in few cases unanimous. Thus, while old General Shrapnel will declare with quite remarkable vehemence that the proposal of the authorities to decide how an officer shall spend his income in future is "all blanked-dished tomfoolery! Yes, sir! By gad, sir!" Second Lieutenant Jones, on the other hand, will assure his brother-subalterns that nothing but the prompt adoption of some such system will secure his own retention in the commissioned ranks of the British Army.

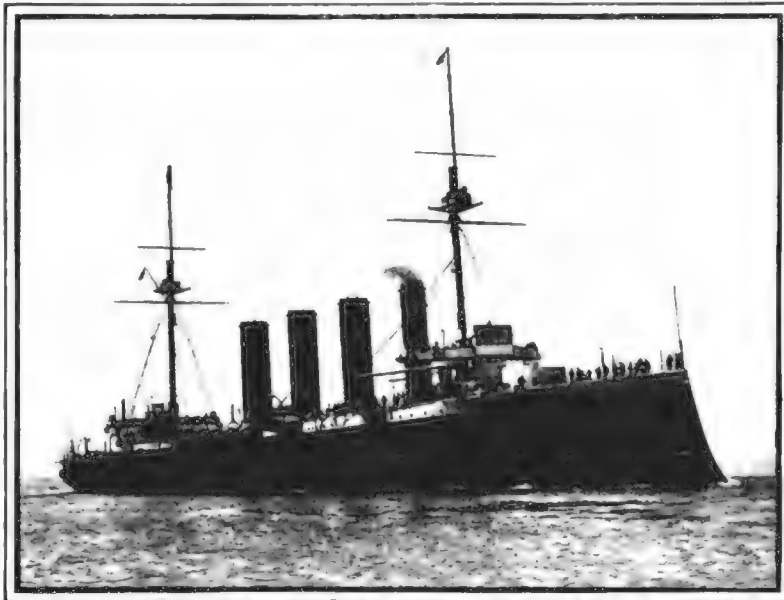
Broadly speaking, the expenses of an officer in an English regiment are of two descriptions:—(1) legitimate, and (2) illegitimate. With regard to those in the latter category, it is scarcely practicable to discuss them here, if only for the reason that their magnitude depends solely on the individual tastes of those incurring them. For the information of the public at large, however, it may be stated that they chiefly take the form of private entertaining, amusements, plain clothes, travelling, and club subscriptions, etc., etc., in all of which directions a good deal of money is got through in a very short time. Indeed, to so great an extent do these and similar items swell the monthly bills of our embryo Field-Marshal that when they are presented to paternal families for settlement it is no matter for wonder that that much-suffering individual should forthwith write indignant letters to the *Times* about the "futility of expecting an officer to live on his pay." Even should he be reminded of the case of Sir Hector Macdonald and other distinguished soldiers who have contrived to rise to eminence in the profession of arms without the assistance of a private income, the applicant for parental relief generally manages to overcome these objections without much difficulty. He will argue, for example, that their cases and his own are by no means synonymous, and support the contention by pointing out that the officers in question served their apprenticeship at a date when other arrangements were in force. This, as a matter of fact, is perfectly true; what he carefully omits to mention, however, is that the arrangements in question were of a far more unfavourable nature to the impecunious officer than are the ones obtaining just now. The cost of uniform, for instance, has been immensely reduced of late, and in the same way the lavish hospitality in which a regimental mess was at one time compelled to indulge is now quite unknown.

Despite these and other excellent reforms which have been introduced into our military system of late, the legitimate expenses of an officer are still out of all proportion to his pay. To make this clear to the civilian mind, attention is invited to the following figures: Taking the case of a newly joined

second lieutenant, we find that he receives the sum of 5s. 3d. a day from the Government. So much for the credit side of his income; now for the debit one. The first charge against it is for messing—that is to say, for providing him with three meals daily. By regulation this must not exceed 4s. per diem, but as neither afternoon tea, post-prandial coffee, nor anything more exhilarating than cold water are included in this amount, it will at once be seen that this daily bill is materially increased by the addition of "extras" thereto. Consequently, by the time our specimen subaltern has paid for his food there is remarkably little change left out of his 5s. 3d. This sum, however, is submitted to a number of other drains, every

general rule, this amounts to thirty days' pay per annum from each individual member. The fund, too, is a heavy item of expense to officers, for the Government only contributes 80s. a year towards the upkeep thereof. This, of course, is altogether inadequate, and the difference has accordingly to be met by the officers. The usual plan is to require all those above the rank of lieutenant to subscribe twenty days' pay per annum for this purpose. Another serious drain on the financial resources of the members of the mess is occasioned by the practice of entertaining guests, the cost of which is shared by the general body of officers. The same custom is followed in the case of the frequent balls, garden-parties, and at homes, which regiments find themselves practically compelled to give in order to maintain a reputation for hospitality. "Luncheon-tents" for all comers at military race-meetings, however, have now happily been prohibited.

In recapitulation, a second lieutenant has to meet the following first charges upon his daily income of 5s. 3d.: messing, 4s.; servant, 4d.; mess-subscription, 4d.; and "general expenses" fund, 4d. Thus, consequently, leaves him 3d. a day with which to keep up his uniform, provide himself with plain clothes, meet his washing bill, and settle the other thousand and one charges which his position as an "officer and a gentleman" makes it necessary for him to incur. Accordingly, even should our specimen subaltern be a teetotaler and non-smoker, and one who habitually spends his leave in barracks, it is impossible for him to meet his legitimate expenses out of his professional income of 5s. 3d. The only way in which a junior officer can exist in the Army, without being in the possession of private means, is to secure a staff appointment, or to accept service in Egypt or India.



The armoured cruiser *King Alfred*, on her full-power trial at Portsmouth last week, proved herself the fastest ship in the British Navy, excluding, of course, torpedo-boat craft. The mean of mean speeds on several runs over the Admiralty deep-sea course at Chertsey Beach was 23.465 knots. As to coal consumption, this new ship, by Vickers, Sons, and Maxims, Limited, has also done well, for she ran her full-power eight hours' trial on a coal consumption of 1.5 lb. per unit of power per hour. Our photograph is by Sir Henry Cribb, Southsea.

THE FASTEST SHIP IN THE FLEET: H.M.S. "KING ALFRED"

one of which is of a strictly legitimate nature. For example, an officer is compelled to keep a servant, to whom he has to pay 4d. a day. It is not an extravagant amount, perhaps, but, when added on to his mess bill, it makes his daily income assume more attenuated proportions than ever. The servant has also to be supplied with both plain clothes and livery at his master's expense. As no soldier-servant has ever yet been known to exist who would wear the clothes purchased for his predecessor, an entirely fresh stock has to be provided whenever an officer changes his servant.

For the maintenance of the mess-establishment, a further levy is made on the slender incomes of the commissioned ranks. As a

the good second period was twenty-six days, the irregular third period was forty-three days. The rainless St. Swithin brought forty days mainly showery. Of sunshine, the three summer months had 439 hours, against an average of five hundred hours, or a twelve per cent. deficiency. Temperature averaged 58.43 degrees, against an average of sixty, and this daily mean deficit of 1.57 degrees of heat is undoubtedly the leading characteristic of the period. It has given us better hay, more oats and roots than usual, but it has robbed both wheat and barley of quality, and it has made the fruit and hops a comparative failure.

## Rural Notes

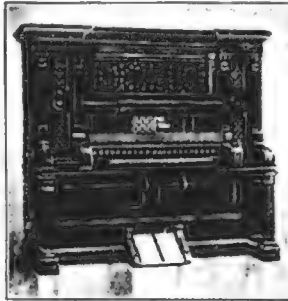
THE SUMMER

THE past summer had a rainfall of 8.90 inches against an average of 7.48 inches, no very striking excess in itself, but extremely inconvenient in its time of falling. The summer, roughly speaking, was divided into three periods. From the 1st to the 22nd June was very rainy and sunless. From June 23 to July 19 was sunny and dry. From July 20 to August 31 was marked by winds, rains, and bright intervening intervals. The last first period was twenty-two days, the good second period was twenty-six days, the irregular third period was forty-three days. The rainless St. Swithin brought forty days mainly showery. Of sunshine, the three summer months had 439 hours, against an average of five hundred hours, or a twelve per cent. deficiency. Temperature averaged 58.43 degrees, against an average of sixty, and this daily mean deficit of 1.57 degrees of heat is undoubtedly the leading characteristic of the period. It has given us better hay, more oats and roots than usual, but it has robbed both wheat and barley of quality, and it has made the fruit and hops a comparative failure.

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## SEPTEMBER

Often one of the pleasantest months of the year, and sometimes the very pleasantest, September this year is showing decided leanings to autumn rather than summer. The heavy dews, the morning and evening mists, and the comparative paleness of the sunlight, are indications of a declining season, a season which in old English is in modern American is called emphatically the Fall of the year. The warmth of the month on an average is only fifty-seven degrees in England against sixty-nine on the Riviera and sixty-four in Paris. It is in September, in fact, that England breaks off from the Latin countries; for the month in France, Spain, and Italy is quite summer, and but for the frequently dried-up look of the landscape would be the finest month for tourists. No tropical heat need be feared, but it is warm enough to sit out of doors even when the sun is not shining. The rainfall of the month is not very high: 2.26 is Mr. Symonds's average, 2.34 that of the last twenty-five years. Sunshine is thirty-eight hours less than in an average August, but may easily exceed the August total in a year like the present.

## FARMERS' CLUBS

The Farmers' Club of London, well lodged and at peace in itself,

numbers less than five hundred members, while those in the chief county capitals are even less well supported. There has been an interesting correspondence of late on the subject, and the causes of the weakness being indicated there may be some hope of a cure. That farmers' clubs are addressed too frequently by "big" men, and are too little open to the opinions and experiences of small operators is evident from the complaints made. As no experiences are more interesting than those of the smaller men who have done almost everything for themselves, this cause of weakness should be removable. That farmers' clubs are run on too severe lines may also be taken to be established. It would be a good thing if cricket matches could be arranged in the summer, billiard tournaments in the winter among members, and the opportunities of intercourse would be increased by a monthly dinner, the cost of which, inclusive of beer, should be limited to half-a-crown.

## THISTLES

That rather dull writer who recently devoted a whole book to the incursion of the Scot might have done some service if he had invited the Scotsman to restrain not himself, but his national emblem, from crossing the Border. English farmers complain that thistles have shown a prodigious increase of the last ten years. The spear plume

is the worst, the meadow plume comes next, and the woolheaded plume third. The marsh thistle is becoming comparatively scarce, but the three others extend more than the one decreases. The 10th of our common thistles, the tuberos variety, holds its own, but as it is a woodland sort it does not trouble farmers in the same way as the field thistles.

## HOPS

The hop-pickers' trains have left London Bridge, the usual crowds have poured themselves upon Kent and Sussex. But there are only sixty pockets to be picked, where in an average year there is a hundred, and there is some fear that destitute "hands" may be devoting themselves to pocket-picking of another kind. A leading journal which states that when we brewed only seven million gallons of beer (against thirty-six millions to-day), we had an equal area under hops, calls attention to a striking fact, but it is hardly warranted in stating that the employment of hop substitutes in the 29,000,000 gallons is *obvious*. That substitutes are extensively employed we all know, but our contemporary has overlooked the extremely good supplies of foreign hops which come in whenever the home supply is small and the price rises enough to remunerate the importer.

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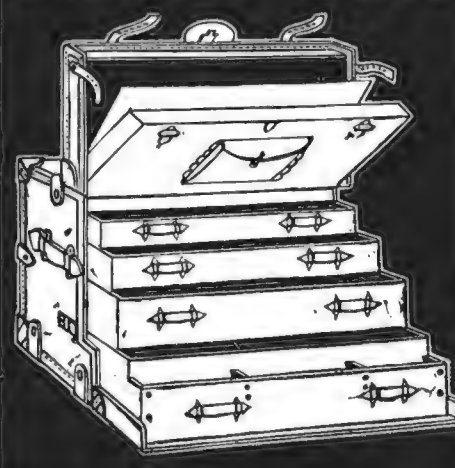
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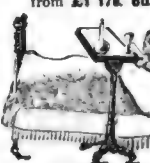
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